GREENES

Neuer too Late.

BOTH PARTS.

Sent to all youthfull GENTLEMEN, descipheringin a true Englisn Historie, those particular vanities, that with their Frostie vapours, nip the blossomes of euery braine, from attaining to his intended perfection.

As pleasant as profitable, being a right Pumice stone, *apt to race out idleneſſe with delight, and* folly with admonition.

By ROBERT GREENE, In artibus Magister.

Omne tulit punctum,

LONDON

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A Madrigall to wanton Louers.

YOV that by *Alcidalions* ſiluer brookes,
Sit and ſigh out the paſſions of your loues,
That on your Goddeſſe beauties feed your lookes,
And pamper vp ſweet *Venus* wanton doues,
That ſeeke to ſit by *Cupids* ſcorching fire,
And dallie in the fountaine of deſire:

You that account no heauen like *Venus* ſphere,
That thinke each dimple in your Miſtreſſe chin
Earths Paradice, that deeme her golden haire,
Treſſes of bliſſe wherein to wander in:
That ſigh and court ſuppliant, all to proue
Cupid is God, and ther's no heauen but loue:

Come ſee the worke that *Greene* hath ſlilie wrought,
Take but his *Nunquam ſera* in your view,
As in a mirrour there is deeply taught,
The wanton vices of proud fancies crew:
There is depainted by moſt curious art,
How loue and folly iump in euery part.

There may you ſee repentance all in blacke,
Scourging the froward paſſions of fond youth,
How fading pleaſures end in diſmall wracke,
How Louers ioyes are tempred all with ruth.
Sith then his *Nunquam ſera* yeeldes ſuch gaines,
Reade it, and thanke the Author for his paines.

Ralph Sidney.

Sape etiam hortulanus vir valde opportuna locutus eſt.

IF *Horace* Satyres merit mickle praiſe,
For taunting ſuch as liu'd in *Paphos* Ile,
If wiſe *Propertius* was in elder daies,
Laureat for figuring out fond *Venus* wile:
If *Rome* applauded *Ouids* pleaſing verſe,
That did the ſalues that medicine loue reherſe:

Then Engliſh Gentles ſtoope and gather bayes,
Make Coronets of *Floraes* prowdeſt flowers,
As gifts for *Greene*; for he muſt haue the praiſe,
And taſt the dewes that high *Parnaſſus* ſhowers,
As hauing leapt beyond old *Horace* ſtraine,
In taunting Louers for their fruitleſſe paine,

His *Nunquam ſera* more conceits combines,
Then *Ouid* in his arte did paint,
And ſharper Satyres are within his lines,
Then *Martial* ſung proud *Venus* to attaint:
Reade then his art, and all his actions proue,
There is no folly like to fooliſh loue.

Rich: Hake Gent.

To the right Worſhipfull, Thomas Barnaby, Eſquire: Robert Greene wiſheth increaſe of all honorable vertues.

SVch (right Worſhipfull) as couered to decke the Temple of *Delphos*, adorned the ſhrine eyther with greene bayes, or curious inſtruments, becauſe *Apollo* did as well patronize Muſicke, as Poetry. When the *Troians* ſought to pacifie the wrath of *Pallas*, the peoples preſents were Bookes and Launces, to ſignifie her Deitie, as well defended by letters as armes. And they which deſired to be in the fauour of *Alexander*, brought him either wiſe Philoſophers, or hardie Souldiers: for he fought Counſellers like *Ariſtotle*, and Captaines like *Perdiccas*. Seeing then how gifts are the more gratefully accepted, by how much the more they fit the humor of the partie; to gratifie your Worſhip with ſomething that might ſignifie, how in all bounden dutie I haue for ſundry fauours beene affected to your Worſhip: and finding my abilitie to be vnfit to preſent you with any thing of worth, at laſt I reſolued ſo farre to preſume, as to trouble your Worſhip with the patronage of this Pamphlet, knowing you are ſuch a *Mecenas* of learning, that you will as ſoone vouch with *Auguſtus* a few verſes, giuen by a poore Greeke, as of the Arabian Courſer, preſented by *Titinius*. The Booke is little, yet drawne from a large principle: *Nunquam ſera eſt ad bonos mores via*. Wherein I haue diſcouered ſo artificially the fraudulent effects of *Venus* trumperies, and ſo plainely, as in a plat-forme, laid open the preiudiciall pleaſures of loue, that Gentlemen may ſee, that as the Diamond is beauteous to the ſight, and yet deadly poyſon to the ſtomack; that as the *Bacan* leafe containeth both the Antidote, and the Aconiton, ſo loue (vnleſſe onely grounded vppon vertue) breedeth more diſparagement to the credit, than content to the fancie. If then (right Worſhipfull) out of this confuſed Chaos, Gentlemen ſhall gather any principles, whereby to direct their actions, and that from raſh reſolute maintainers of *Venus* hereſies, they become reformed Champions to defend *Veſtaes* Philoſophies; then all the profit and pleaſure that ſhall redound to them by this Pamphlet, ſhall be attributed to your Worſhip, as to the man, by whoſe meanes this *Nunquam ſera* came to light. Hoping therefore, your Worſhip will with a fauourable inſight, enter more into the minde of the giuer, then the worth of the gift, I commit your Worſhip vnto the Almighty.

Your Worſhips humbly
to command.

Rob. Greene.

To the Gentlemen Readers.

SVch (Gentlemen) as had their eares fild with the harmonie of *Orpheus* harpe, could not abide the harshe musicke of *Hiparchions* pipe, yet the *Thessalians* would allowe the poore Fidler licence to frolicke it among Sheapheards. Though no pictures would go for currant with *Alexander*, but such as past through *Apelles* pensil, yet poore men had their houses shadowed with *Phidias* course colours. *Ennius* was called a Poet as well as *Virgil*, and *Vulcane* with his polt foote friskt with *Venus* as well as *Mars*.

Gentlemen, if I presume to present you, as hitherto I haue done, with friuolous toyes: yet for that I stretch my strings as I can, if you praise me not with *Orpheus*, hisse me not out with *Hiparchion*: If I paint not with *Apelles*, yet scrape not out my shadowes with disgrace: if I stirre my stumps with *Vulcan*, though it bee lamely done yet it is a dance: so, if my *Nunquam sera* please not, yet I pray you passe it ouer with patience, and say, tis a booke. So hoping I shal find you as euer I haue done, I end,

Rob. Greene.

Greenes *Nunquam ſera eſt.*

BEing reſident in Bergamo, not farre diſtant from Venice, ſitting vnder a coole ſhade that then ſhrowded me from the extreme violence of the meridionall heate, hauing neuer a booke in my hand to beguile time, nor no pathetical impreſſion in my head to procure any ſecret meditation, I had flat falne into a ſlumber, if I had not eſpied a traueller, wearie, and deſolate to haue bended his ſteppes towards me. Deſirous to ſhake off drowſineſſe with ſome company, I attended his arriuall: but as he drew neere, he ſeemed ſo quaint in his attire, and ſo conceited in his countenance, as I deemed the man either ſome penitent pilgrime that was very religious, or ſome deſpairing liuer that had beene too too affectionate. For take his deſcription.

An Ode

Downe the valley gan he tracke,
Bagge and bottle at his backe,
In a ſurcoate all of gray,
Such were Palmers on the way;
When with ſcrip and ſtaffe they ſee,
Ieſus graue on *Caluarie*.
A hat of ſtraw like a ſwaine,
Shelter for the ſun and raine,
With a Scollop ſhell before:
Sandals on his feete he wore:
Legs were bare, armes vnclad
Such attire the Palmer had.
His face faire, like *Titans* ſhine,
Gray and buxome were his eyne,
Whereout dropt pearles of ſorrow,

Such

Such sweet teares loue doth borrow,
When in outward dewes she plaines
Harts distresse that Louers paines:
Rubie lips, cherrie cheekes,
Such rare mixture *Venus* seeks
When to keepe her Damsels quiet,
Beautie sets them downe their diet.
Adon was not thought more faire;
Curled locks of amber haire:
Locks where loue did sit and twine,
Nets to snare the gazers eyne:
Such a Palmer ne're was seene,
Lesse Loue him-selfe had Palmer beene.
Yet for all he was so quaint,
Sorrow did his visage taint.
Midst the riches of his face,
Griefe desciphred high disgrace:
Euery step strain'd a teare,
Sodaine sighes shew'd his feare:
And yet his feare by his sight,
Ended in a strange delight.
That his passions did approue,
Weedes and sorrow were for loue.

Thus attired in his trauailing roabes, and leueld out in the lineaments of his phisnomie, (not séeing me that lay close in the thicket) he sate him downe vnder a Bæch tree, where after hee had taken vp his seate, with a sigh, he beganne thus to paint out his passions.

Unfortunate Palmer, whose weedes discouer thy woes, whose lookes thy sorrowes, whose sighes thy repentance: thou wandrest to bewaile thy sin, that héretofore hast not wondred at the greatnes of sin, & seekest now by the sight of a strange land, to satisfie these follies committed in thy native home. Why, is there more grace in the East, then in the West? Is God more gracious in Iewrie, then mercifull in England? more fauourable to Palmers for their trauel, then pittifull to sinners for their penance? No, be not so superstitious, lest thou measuring his fauor

by

by circumstance, he punish thy faults in seuerity. Ah but the deepest vlcers haue the deepest corasiues: some sores cannot bee cured but by *Sublimatum*, and some offences, as they beginne in content, so they end in sacke cloth. I weare not this Palmers gray, to challenge grace, nor sake the holy Land, to counteruaile the Law, nor am a Pilgrime to acquittance sinne with penance: but I content me in this habite, to shew the meknes of my heart, & trauell through many Countries, to make other men learne to beware by my harmes. For if I come among youth, I will shewe them, that the finest buds are soonest nipt with frosts, the swetest flowers soonest eaten with Cankers, and the ripest and yongest wits soonest ouerthrowne with follies. If I chance among Courtiers, I will tell them, that as the starre Artophylax is brightest, yet setteth soonest, so their glories being most gorgeous, are dasht with sodaine ouerthrowes. If amongst Schollers, I will proue, that their philosophicall arioms, their quiddities of Logick, their aphorismes of Art, are dissolued with this definite period, *Omnia sub sole vanitas.* If among Louers (and with this the teares fell from his eyes, and the sighs flew from his heart, as if all should split againe:) If quoth he, (and he doubled his words with an Emphasis) I fall amongst Louers, I will dischipher to them, that their God is a boy, as fond as he is blind: their Goddesse a woman, inconstant, false, flattering, like the winds that rise in the shoares of *Lepanthus*, which in the morning send forth gusts from the North, and in the euening calmes from the West: that their fancies are like Aprill showers, begun in a Sun-shine, and ended in a storme: their passions deepe hell, their pleasures Chimeraes portraitures, sodaine ioyes, that appearing like Iuno, are nothing when Ixion toucheth them but dusky and fading clouds.

Heere he stopped, and toke his scrip from his backe, and his bottle from his side, and with such cates as he had, as Lemons, Apricoks, and Oliues, he began a Palmers banquet: which digesting with a cup of wine well tempred with water, after euery draught he sighed out this, *Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.* When he had taken his repast: casting vp his eyes to heauen, as being thankefull for his benefites, and sorowful for his sinnes, falling into a deepe meditation, after he had a while lien

as a man in a traunce, he ſtarted vp ſodainely, and with a halfe cheered countenance ſung out this Ode.

The Palmers Ode.

OLde *Menalcas* on a day,
As in field this ſhepheard lay,
Tuning of his oaten pipe,
Which he hit with many a ſtripe:
Said to *Coridon*, that hee
Once was yong and full of glee,
Blithe and wanton was I then,
Such deſires follow men.
As I lay and kept my ſheepe,
Came the God that hateth ſleepe,
Clad in armour all of fire,
Hand in hand with Queene *Deſire*:
And with a dart that wounded me,
Pierſt my heart as I did lie:
That when I woke I gan ſweare,
Phillis beauty palme did beare.
Vp I ſtart, forth went I,
With her face to feed mine eye:
There I ſaw *Deſire* ſit,
That my heart with *Loue* did hit,
Laying forth bright *Beauties* hookes
To intrap my gazing lookes.
Loue I did, and gan to woe,
Pray and ſigh, all would not doe:
Women when they take the toy
Couet to be counted coy.
Coy was ſhee that I gan court,
She thought *Loue* was but a ſport.
Profound Hell was in my thought;
Such a paine *Deſire* had wrought,
That I ſued with ſighes and teares.
Still ingrate ſhe ſtopt her eares,
Till my youth I had ſpent.

Last a passion of *Repent*
Told me flat, that *Desire*
Was a brand of *Loues* fire,
Which consumeth men in thrall,
Vertue, youth, wit, and all.
At this Saw, backe I start,
Beat *Desire* from my hart,
Shooke off *Loue* and made on oath,
To be enemy to both.
Old I was when I thus fled
Such fond toyes as cloyd my head.
But this I learn'd at *Vertues* gate,
The way to good is neuer late.

Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.

As soone as he had ended his Ode, he fell to his olde principle *Nunquam sera est*: and confirming it with a sigh, he rose vp, and was ready to depart towards *Bergamo* to take vp his Lodging, for the sunne was declining towards the West.

But I desirous to reach further into this passionate Palmer, crost him the way with this salutation: Palmer (for so thy apparell discouers) and penitent, if the inward hart agrée with thy outward passions: if my questions may not agrauate thy griefe, nor my demaund be tedious to thy trauels, let me craue of curtesie whither thou dost bend the end of thy pilgrimage, that if thou bést stept awry, I may direct thée, or if thou knowest the Country, I may wish *bon fortune* to thy iourney; for I haue all my life time coueted to be faithfull to my friends, and curteous to strangers. The Palmer (amazed at my sodaine salutation) stept backe and bent his browes, as if he feared some preiudice, or were offended at my presence: but when he saw me weaponlesse, and without company, and yet so affable in words, and *debonaire* in exterior curtesies as might import a Gentleman, he deuoutly mœued his bonnet of gray, and made this reply:

Gentleman (for no lesse you séeme) if the flower may bée knowne by smell, or the man by his words: I am a Palmer, discouered by my gray; and penitent, if you note my griefe, which sorrow is as effectuall, as my attire is little counterfeit. The di-

rection of my iourney is not to Ieruſalem: for my faith tels mee, Chriſt can dew as great fauour downe in England, as in Ieriche: & prayers are not heard for the place, but in the behalfe of the perſon heartyly repentant. My natiue home is England, the end of my iourney is Venice, where I meane to viſite an olde friend of mine, an Engliſhman, to whome I haue beene long time indebted, and now meane partly to repay with ſuch ſtore as I haue bought with hard experience. This night I will reſt in the next village: and thus I hope ſir you reſt ſatisfied.

This anſwere of the Palmer made me the more deſirous to enquire into his ſtate, that I entreated him I might bee hoſt to ſuch a gueſt; and ſeeing I was reſident in Bergamo, where that night he meant to harbour, ſuch lodging as a Country gentleman could afford, and ſuch cheere as ſuch a village might on the ſodaine yeeld, ſhould be at his command.

Well could this Palmer ſkill of curteſie, and returning mee many thankes, vouch of my proffer, and was willing to take my houſe for his Inne. As we paſt one the way, we chanced to fall into prattle thus. Sir (quoth I) if I might with many queſtions not be offenſiue, I would faine be iniquiſitiue to knowe, as you haue paſſed along France, Germany, and Rhine and part of Italy, what you haue noted worthy of memory. Mouing his cap as a man that was paſſing curteous, he anſwered thus: I tell you ſir (quoth he) as a foliſh queſtion merits ſilence, ſo a familiar demaund craues a friendly reply of duty, although Zeno the Philoſopher counted it more honour, to bee a ſilent naturaliſt, then an eloquent Orator. But as I am not a Gymnoſophiſt, to iangle at euery Sophiſticall obiection: So I am not a ſeuere Stoike, to anſwere but by ſillables: and therefore thus to your queſtion.

After I had cutte from Douer to Calice, I remembred what olde Homer writ of Vliſſes, that hee coueted, not onely to ſee ſtrange Countries, but with a deepe in ſight to haue a view into the manners of men: ſo I thought, as I paſſed through Paris, not only to pleaſe mine eie with the curious Architecture of the building, but with the diuers diſpoſition of the Inhabtiants. I found therefore the Court (for I aime firſt at the faireſt) to haue a King, fit for ſo royall a Regiment, if he had beene as perfect in

true

true religion, as politique in martiall discipline; the Courtiers, they, as Aristippus, fawned vppon Dionysius, turning like to the Camelion, into the likenesse of euery obiect that the King proffered to their humorous conceits, for if the king smiled, euery one in the court was in his iollity, if he frowned, their plums fell like the Peacockes feathers, so that their outward presence depended on his inward passions. Generally so, but particularly thus: the French gentlemen are amorous, as soone perswaded by the beauty of their mistris, to make a braule, as for the maintenance of Religion, to enter armes: their eyes are like Salamander stones, that fire at the sight of euery flame, their hearts as queasie as the minerals of Ætna, that burne at the heate of the sun, and are quencht with the puffe of euery wind. They count it courtlike, to spend their youth in courting of Ladyes, and their age in repenting of sinnes, yet more forward in the one, then deuout in the other. They bandy glances vppon euery face, and as though they would approue euery passion for a principle, they set downe the period with a deepe sigh: yet, as the breath of a man vpon steele, no sooner lighteth on, but it leapeth off, so is the beginning and ending of their loues.

Thus much for their Amours. Now for their Armes, they be hardy souldiers, and resolute; for their faith, friendship, religion, or other particular qualities, (for there is a league betwixt vs and them,) I will spare to speake, lest in being satyricall, I should plod too farre with Diogenes, or in flattering their faults, or their follies, I should claw a fooles shoulder with Davus in Terence: skipping therefore from them to the Germans. Nay, stay sir (quoth I) before you passe the Alpes, giue me leaue to hold you an houre still in Lions, for though you be a Palmer, and religious, yet I hope such deepe deuotion rested not in you, but an ounce of Venus fauours hang in your eyes, and when you had spent the morning in orisons, you could in the afternoone lend a glance to a faire Lady. The eagle soares not so high in the ayre, but shee can espie a little fish in the sea: the sunne in Cancer goes retrograde, the coldest clime hath his summer, and Apollo was neuer so Stoicall, but *semel in anno* he could let fall a smile; and the most seuere pilgrime or Palmer hath an eye as well as a heart, and a looke to lend to beauty, as a thought to

bend to Theologie: therefore, I pray you, what thinke you of the French-women? At this question, although his grauitie was great, yet with a pleasant countenance he made this reply: Although fire is hote, as well in the coldest region of the North, as in the furthest Southerne parallell: the grasse of the same colour in Ægypt as it is in Iewry, and women wheresoeuer they be bred, be *mala necessaria*, yet though their generall essence bee all one, as comming from Eua, and therefore froward, inconstant, light, amorous, deceitfull, and *quid non*? better described by Mantuan, then I can make description of: yet as the Diamonds in India be more hard then the Cornish stones in England: as the Margarites of the West are more orient then the Pearles of the South, so womens affections are affected after the disposition of the clime wherein they are borne: although Auicen in his Aphorismes sets downe this conclusion, that thornes no where grow without prickes, nor nettles without stinges: but leauing off this preamble: thus to your question. The Women in France generally, as concerning the exterior lineaments of their outward perfection, are beautifull, as being Westernly seated nere great Brittanie, where Nature sits and hatcheth beauteous Paramours: yet although *natura naturans* hath shewed her cunning is their portraitures, as women that thinke nothing perfect that Arte hath not polished, that haue drugges of Alexandria, minerals of Ægypt, waters from Tharsus, paintings from Spaine, and what to doe forsooth? To make them more beautifull then vertuous, and more pleasing in the eies of men, then delightfull in the sight of God: this is but their exteriour vanity that blemisheth their inward vertues, if they haue any. But more to their interiour inclination. Some, as if they were votaries vnto Venus, and at their nativities had no other influence, take no pleasure but in amorous Passions, no delight but in Madrigals of Loue, wetting Cupids wings with rosewater, and tricking vp his quiuer with sweete perfumes, they set out their faces as Fowlers do their daring glasses, that the Larkes that soare highest, may stoope soonest; assone as the poore louing fooles are wrapt within their nets, then they sue with sighes, and pleade with Sonnets, faine teares, & paint out passions to winne her, that seeming to bee coy, comes at the first lure:

lure: for when they see yong nouices intrapt, then the French dames are like to the people Hyperborei, that spurning liquorice with their feete, secretly slacke their hunger with the iuyce thereof: so they outwardly seeming to contemne their sutours motions, stand in deadly feare lest they should leaue off their amorous passions: so that they haue loue in their eye liddes, so slenderly tacked on by fancy, as it drops off with euery dreame, and is shakt off with euery vaine slumber. Some of them are as Sappho was, suttle to allure, and slippery to deceiue, hauing their hearts made of waxe, ready to receiue euery impression, not content till they haue as many louers as their heartes haue entrances for loue, and those are like to pumice stones that are light and full of holes. Some are as inconstant as Cressida, that be Troylus neuer so true, yet out of sight, out of minde: and as sone as Diomede beginnes to court, shee like Venetian traffique, is for his peny, currant *à currendo*, sterling coyne passable from man to man in way of exchange. Others are as Lidia, cruell, whose harts are hammered in the forge of pride, thinking themselues too good for all, and none worthy of them, and yet oftimes nestling all day in the Sunne with the Beetle, are at night contented with a cowsherd for shelter. These haue eyes of Basiliskes, that are preiudiciall to euery obiect, and harts of Adamant, not any way to be pierced: and yet I thinke, not dying maides, nor leading Apes to Hell: for Vestaes sacrifice ceased long since in Rome, & virgins are as rare as blacke Swans: opportunitie is a sore plea in Venus court, able, I tell you, to ouerthrow the coyest that is. I could inferre more particular instances, and distinguish more at large of the French Gentlewoemen: but let me leaue them to their humorous vanities, and resolue our selues that Ireland doth not onely bring forth Wolues, nor Ægypt Crocodiles, nor Barbarie Leopardes, nor France such qualified women; but as the earth yelds weeds as well in the lowest valleyes, as in the highest mountaines, so women are vniuersally *mala necessaria*, whereseoeuer they be either bred or brought vp. With this conclusiue period hee breathed him: and I could not but smile to see the Palmer shake his head at the fondnesse of women, as a man that had beene galled with their ingratitude. Well, after he had pausd a little, he left

France,

France, and beganne to talke of Germany, and that was thus: After I had left Lions, I passed by the Alpes, and coasted into Germany, whereas I found the country seated vnder a colde clime, so I perceiued the people high minded, & fuller of words then of curtesie, giuen more to drinke then to deuotion; & yet sundry places stuffed with Schismes and Heresies, as people that delight to be factious. There might you see their interior vanities more then their outward apparell did import, and oft times their vaunts more then their manhood. For loue as I saw Venus of no great account, yet she had there a Temple, and though they did not beautify it with Iewels, they plainely powred forth such Orisons as did bewray, though they could not court it as the French did with Art, yet their lust was not lesse, nor their liues more honest. Because the people were little affable, I grew not so farre inquisitiue of their manners and customes, but *sicco pede* past them ouer, so that I trauelled vp as farre as Vienna, where I saw a thinge worthy of memory. In a valley betweene two high mountaines, topt with trees of marualous verdure, where by ran a fountaine pleasant, aswell for the murmure of the streames, as for the sweetnesse of waters there was situated a little Lodge artificially built, and at the dore, a man of very great grauity, and no lesse age, satte leaning vpon his staffe, so to take the benefite of the aire and the Sunne: his haires were as white as the threeds of silke in Arabia, or as the Palme trees on the mount of Libanus: many yeares had made furrows in his face, where Experience sate and seemed to tell forth Oracles: Deuotion appeared in his habite, and his outward cloth discoursing his inward heart, that the old Hermite seemed in the world a resolute despiser of the world. Standing a while and wondring at this old man, at last all reuerence done that his peeres did require, or my youth was bound vnto, after salutations I questioned him of the order of his life: who answered me with such curtesie and humilitie, as I perceiued in his words the perfect Idea of a mortified man. After sundry questions broken with *pro et contra*, at last he toke me by the hand and carried mee into his Cell, where I found not those Vtensilia which Tully sayes are necessary to bee in euery Cottage, but I found bookes, and that of Theologie: a drinking cup, & that was

full

full of water: a dead mans skull, an houre glasse, and a Bible: thus onely was his house garnished. After he had sate downe a little he loked me very earnestly in the face, as a man that had some skil in physiognomie, to censure of the inward qualities by the outward appearance: at last, in rough high Dutch verses hee thus breathed out his opinion, which I drew thus into blancke verse.

The Hermites Exordium.

Heere looke my sonne for no vaine glorious shewes,
Of royall apparition for the eye,
Humble and meeke befitteth men of yeares:
Behold my Cell built in a silent shade,
Holding Content for pouerty and peace,
And in my Lodge, is fealty, and faith,
Labor and Loue vnited in one league.
I want not, for my minde affoordeth wealth:
I know not Enuy, for I clime not hie:
Thus doe I liue, and thus I meane to die.

Then he stept to his shelfe, and takes downe a Deaths head, whereon loking as a man that meditated vpon some deepe matter, he shoke his head, and the teares standing in his eyes, hee prosecuted his matter thus.

If that the world presents illusions,
Or Sathan seekes to puffe me vp with pompe,
As man is fraile and apt to follow pride:
Then see, my sonne, where I haue in my Cell,
A dead mans skull, which cals this straight to minde,
That as this is, so must my ending be.
When then I see, that earth to earth must passe,
I sigh, and say, all flesh is like to grasse,

After he had thus explained the reason why hee kept the dead mans skull in his Cell, he reatch to his houre glasse, and vpon that he began thus to descant.

If care to liue, or sweet delight in life,
As man desires to see out many dayes,

Drawes me to liſten to the flattering world,
Then ſee my glaſſe which ſwiftly out doth runne,
Comparde to man, who dies ere he begins.
This tels me time ſlackes not his poaſting courſe,
But as a glaſſe runnes out with euery houre,
Some in their youth, ſome in their weakeſt age,
All ſure to die, but no man knowes his tyme.
But this I thinke, how vaine a thing is man,
Whoſe longeſt life is likened to a ſpan?

Laſtly, he toke his Bible in his hand, whereupon leaning his arme, he amplified thus.

When Sathan to ſift me with his wiles,
Or proudly dares to giue a fierce aſſault,
To make a ſhipwracke of my faith with feares,
Then armde at all points to withſtand the foe
With holy armour: here's the martiall ſword:
This booke, this bible, this two-edged blade,
Whoſe ſweete content piercth the gates of hell:
Deſciphering lawes and diſcipline of warre,
To ouerthrow the ſtrength of Sathans iarre.

Thus the Hermite diſcouered to me the ſecrets of his Cell: and after, that I ſhould be priuie to all his pathiticall conceits, he brought foorth a few rootes, and ſuch ſimple diet as he had, to confirme that he tyed Nature euery way within her limites. Wondring at the methode he vſed in his Cell, after I had taken my repaſt with him, as we met courteouſly, we parted friendly, he with erhortations to beware of youthes follies, I with thankes and reuerence to his aged yeres, for his graue and fatherly perſwaſion: ſo I went from his Cell to Vienna, and from thence coaſted vp into the borders of Italie.

The Palmer had ſcarce named Italie, but we were come to my houſe, where I gaue him ſuch entertaynment, as either the abilitie of my ſubſtance, the plentie of the country, or the ſhortneſſe of the tyme could affoord: and becauſe I wold euery way grace him, I brought downe my wife to giue him a royall welcome, a fauour ſeldome ſhewed in Italie: yet becauſe he was a

Palmer

Palmer, and his profession valued beautie at a light price, I did him that grace. To be short, at last we sate downe to supper, and there past the time with such pleasing chat, as the pleasant Palmer pleased to conferre vpon. Supper done, I desired the Palmer to discourse (if it were not offensiue) what reason moued him to direct his Pilgrimage only to Venice. Raising himselfe vp with a smiling countenance, he made this reply.

Courteous Gentleman, for so much your affable and liberall disposition doth approue, Iupiter when he was entertained by poore Baucis, accounted ingratitude so heynous, as hee turned their Cottage to a Temple, and made them sacrificers at his Altars: Hospitalitie is so pretious, as no price may value. Then if I should not grant any lawful demand, I might seeme as little pliant to humanity, as you liteable to courtesie: and therefore if the Gentlewoman your wife and you will sit vp to heare the discourses of a traueller, I will first rehearse you an English History, acted and euented in my country of England: but for that the Gentleman is yet liuing, I will shadow his name although I manifest his follies, and when I haue made relation, I will shew why I directed the course of my Pilgrimage, onely to Venice. My wife by her countenance seemed to bee maruelous content, and my selfe kept silence. Whereuppon the Palmer began as followeth.

The Palmers Tale.

In those dayes when Palmerin raigned King of great Britaine, famoused for his deedes of Chiualrie, there dwelled in the Cittie of Caerbrancke, a Gentleman of an auncient house, called Francesco, a man, whose Parentage, though it were Worshipfull, yet it was not indued with much wealth: insomuch, that his learning was better then his reuenewes, and his wit more beneficiall then his substance. This Segnior Francesco, desirous to bend the course of his compasse to some peaceable Porte, spread no more cloth in the winde than might make easie saile, least hoysting vp too sodainely aboue the maine yard, some sodaine gust might make him founder in the deep. Though

he were yong, yet he was not rash with Icarus, to soare into the skie, but to try out with olde Dedalus, *Medium tenere tutissimum:* treading his shoe without any slippe. Hée was so generally loued of the cittizens, that the richest Merchant or grauest Burghmaster would not refuse to graunt him his daughter in mariage, hoping more of his insuing fortunes, then of his present substance. At last, casting his eie on a Gentlemans daughter that dwelt not far from Caerbranck, he fell in loue, and prosecuted his suite with such affable courtesie, as the maide considering the vertue and wit of the man, was content to set vp her rest with him, so that her fathers consent might bée at the knitting vp of the match. Francesco thinking himselfe cocksure, as a man that hoped his credite in the Cittie might carrie awaie more then a country gentlemans daughter, finding her father on a day at fit opportunity, he made the motion about the grant of his daughters mariage. The olde churle that listned with both eares to such a question, did not in this *in vtramnis aurem dormire*, but leaning on his elbow, made present answere, that her dowrie required a greater feofment then his lands were able to affoord. And vpon that, without further debating of the matter, he rose vp and hied him home, whither as soone as hee came, hée called his daughter before him, whose name was *Isabell*, to whome he vttered these words. Why huswife (quoth hée) are you so idlestasked, that you stand vpon thornes vntill you haue a husband? are you no sooner hatched with the Lapwing, but you will runne away with the shell on your head? Soone prickes the trée that will proue a thorne, and a girle that loues too soone will repent too late. What, a husband? why the maids of Rome, durst not looke at Venus Temple till they were thirtie, nor went they vnmasked till they were married, that neither their beauties might allure other, nor they glance their eies on euerie wanton. I tell thée fond girle, when Nilus ouerfloweth before his time, Egypt is plagued with a dearth: the trées that blossome in February, are nipped with the frost in May; vntimely fruits had neuer good fortune, and yong Gentlewomen, that are woed and won ere they be wise, sorrow and repent before they be old. What seest thou in Francesco, that thine eye must chuse, and thy heart must fancie? Is he beautifull? Why

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fond girle, what the eye liketh at morne, it hateth at night: loue is like a bauen, but a blaze: and beauty, why how can I better compare it than to the gorgeous Cedar, that is onely for shewe, nothing for profit? to the Apples of Tantalus, that are precious in the eye, and dust in the hand? to the starre Artophylax, that is most bright, but sitteth not for any Compasse? so yong men that stand vpon their outward portraiture, I tell thee they are preiudiciall: Demophoon was faire, but how dealt hee with Phyllis? Æneas was a braue man, but a dissembler: fond girle, all but little worth if they be not wealthy: And I pray thee, what substance hath Francesco to indue thee with? Hast thou not heard that want breakes amity, that loue beginneth in gold, and endeth in beggary, that such as marry but to a faire face, tie themselues oft to a foule bargaine? And what wilt thou doe with a husband that is not able to to maintain thee? Buy for soth a dram of pleasure with a pound of sorrow, and a pint of content with a whole tunne of preiudiciall displeasures. But why doe I cast stones into the ayre, or breathe my words vnto the winde, when to perswade a woman from her will is to roll Sisiphus stone: or to ty a headstrong girle from loue, is to tie the Furies againe in Fetters? Therefore huswife, to preuent al misfortunes, I will be your Gaylor. And with that he carried her in and shut her vp in his owne chamber, not giuing her leaue to depart, but when his key gaue her license; yet at last shee so cunningly dissembled that shee got thus farre liberty, not to be close prisoner, but to walke about the house: yet euery nighe hee shut vp her clothes, that no nightly feare of her escape might hinder his broken slumbers.

Where leauing her, let vs returne to Francesco, who to his sorrow heard of all these hard fortunes: and being pensiue, was full of many passions, but almost in despayre, as a man that durst not come nigh her fathers doore, nor send any letters whereby to comfort his Mistrisse, or to lay any plot of her liberty: for no sooner any stranger came thither but he suspitious they came from Francesco, first sent vp his daughter into her Chamber; then, as watchfull as Argus with all his eies, he pryed into euery particular gesture and behauiour of the party: and if any iealous humour toke him in the head hee would not onely be ve-

rie inquisitiue with cutting questions, but would straine curtesies, and search them very narrowly, whether they had any letters or no to his daughter Isabell.

This narrow inquisition made the poore Gentleman almost franticke, that he turned ouer *Anacreon*, *Ouid de Arte Amandi*, and all bookes that might teach him any sleights of loue: but for all their principles, his owne wit serued him for the best shift, and that was happily begun, and fortunately ended thus. It chanced, that as he walked thus in his muses, fetching the compasse of his conceit beyond the Moone, he met with a poore Woman, who as her custome was, began her *exordium* with, I pray god Maister, and so forth, hoping to find the Gentleman as liberall, as he was full of gracious fauours: neither did shee misse of her imagination; for he that thought her likely to bee drawne on to the executing of his purpose, conceited thus, that gold was as good as glew to knit her to any practise whatsoeuer, and therefore out with his purse, and clapt her in the hand with a French crowne. This vnaccustomed reward made her more francke of courtesies, that euery rag reatch the Gentleman a reuerence, with promise of many prayers for his health. He that harped on another string toke the woman by the hand, and sitting downe vpon the greene grasse, discourst vnto her from point to point the beginning and sequel of his loues, and how by noe meanes (except by her) he could conuay any letter. The beggar desirous to doe the Gentleman any pleasure, said shee was ready to take any paines that might redound to his content.

Whereupon he replied thus: Then mother, thou shalt goe to yonder Abby which is her fathers house, and when thou commest thither, vse thy wonted eloquence to intreat for thy almes, if the Maister of the house be present, shew thy passport, and seeme very passionate: but if hee bee absent or out of the way, then, oh then mother, looke about if thou seest Diana masking in the shape of a Virgine, if thou spiest Venus, nay one more beautifull then loues Goddesse, and I tell thee shee is my loue, faire Isabell, whom thou shalt discerne from her other sister thus: her visage is faire, containing as great resemblance of vertue, as lineaments of beautie, and yet I tell thee, she is full of fauour, whether thou respects

spects the outward portrature or inward perfection: her eie like the Diamond, and so pointed that it pearceth to the quicke, yet so chaste in the motion as therein is seene, as in a mirrour, courtesie tempred with a vertuous disdaine: her countenance is the very map of modesty: & to giue thée a more nére marke, if thou findest her in the way, thou shalt sée her more liberall to bestow, than thou pittifull to demand: her name is Isabel: to her from me shalt thou carry a letter, folded vp every way like a post, with a greasie backeside, and a great seale. If cunningly and closely thou canst thus conuey vnto her the tenour of my minde, when thou bringest vnto mée an answere, I will giue thée a brace of Angels. She poore woman was glad of this proffer, and thereupon promised to venture a ioynt but thée would further him in his loues: whereupon thée followed him to his chamber, and the while he writ a letter to this effect.

Segnior Francesco to faire Isabel.

WHen I note (faire *Isabel*) the extremity of thy fortunes, & measure of the passions of my loue, I finde that Venus hath made thée constant to requite my miseries, and that where the greatest onsette is giuen by Fortune, there is strongest defence made by affection: for I heard, that thy father, suspitious, or rather iealous of our late vnited simpathie, doth watch like Argus ouer Io, not suffering thée to passe beyond the reach of his eye, vnlesse (as he thinks) thou shouldest ouer reach thy selfe. His minde is like the Tapers in Ianus Temple, that set once on fire, burne till they consume themselues: his thoughtes like the Sunne beames, that search euery secret. Thus watching thée, he ouer waketh himselfe, and yet (I hope) profiteth as little as they which gaze on the flames of Ætna, which vanish out of their sight in smoake.

I haue heard them say, (faire Isabel) that as the Dimonds are tried by cutting of glasse, the Topace by biding the force of the anuile, the Iethin wood by the hardnesse, so womens excellence is discouered in their constancie: Then if the period of all their vertues consist in this, that they take in loue by moneths, and let it slip by minutes, that as the Tortoise they crépe

pedes

pedetentim, and when they come to their reſt, will hardly bée remoued. I hope thou wilt confirme in thy loues the very patterne of feminine loyaltie, hauing no motion in thy thoughts, but fancy, and no affection, but to thy Franceſco. In that I am ſtopped from thy ſight, I am depriued of the cheefeſt organ of my life hauing no ſence in my life perfect; in that I want the viewe of thy perfecton, ready with ſorrow to periſh in deſpaire, if reſolued of thy conſtancy, I did not triumph in hope. Therefore now reſts it in thée to ſalue all theſe ſores, and prouide medicines for theſe dangerous maladies, that our paſſions appeaſed, wée may end our harmony in the faithfull vnion of two hearts. Thou ſeeſt Loue hath his ſhifts, and Venus quiddities are moſt ſubtile Sophiſtry; that he which is touched with beauty is euer in league with opportunity: theſe principles are proued by the meſſenger, whoſe ſtate diſcouers my reſtleſſe thoughts, impatient of a any longer repulſe. I haue therefore ſought to ouermatch thy father in pollicy, as he ouer-ſtaines vs in iealouſie, and ſéeing hée ſéekes it, to let him finde a knot in a ruſh: as therefore I haue ſent thée the ſumme of my paſſions in the forme of a paſport, returne me a reply wrapt in the ſame paper, that as wée are forced to court our deceits in one ſhift, ſo hereafter we may vnite our loues in one ſimpathy: appoint what I ſhall do to compaſſe a priuate conference. Thinke I will account of the Seas as Leander: of the Warres as Troylus: of all dangers as a man reſolued to attempt any perill, or breake any preiudice for thy ſake. Say, when, and where I ſhall méete thée, and ſo, as I begun paſſionately, I breake off abruptly. Farewell.

Thine in fatall reſolution,
Seigneur Franceſco.

AFter he had written the letter, and diſpatcht the meſſenger, her mind was ſo fired on the brace of Angels, that thée ſtirred her old ſtumps till ſhee came to the houſe of Seigneur Fregoſo, who at that inſtant was walkt abroad, to take viewe of his paſtures. Shée no ſooner began her methode of begging with a ſolemne prayer, and a *pater noſter*, but Iſabel, whoſe deuotion

was

was euer bent to pitty the poore, came to the doore, to see the necessity of the party, who begun to salute her thus. Faire Mistris, whose vertues excede your beauties, and yet I doubt not but you deeme your perfection equiualent with the rarest paragons is Brittanie: as your eie receiues the obiect of my misery, so let your hart haue an insight into my extremities, who once was young, and then fauoured by fortune, now old and crossed by the destinies, driuen when I am weakest, to the wall, and when I am worst able, forced to hold the candle: Seeing then the faultes of my youth haue forced the fall of mine age, and I am driuen in the winter of my yeares, to abide the brunt of all stormes, let the plenty of your youth pitty the want of my decrepite state: and the rather, because my fortune was once as high as my fall is now low: for proofe, sweet Mistris, see my passport, wherein you shall find my passions and much patience: at which period, making a courtesie, her very rags seemed to giue Isabell reuerence. She hearing the beggar insinuate with such a sensible preamble, thought the woman had had some good parts in her, & therefore toke her certificate: which as soone as she had opened, and that she perceiued it was Francescoes hand, she smiled, and yet bewrayed a passion with a blush. So that stepping from the woman, she went into her chamber, where she read it ouer with such pathetical impressions, as euery motion was intangled with a dilemma: for on the one side, the loue of Francesco grounded more on his interiour vertues, then his exteriour beauties, gaue such fierce assaults to the bulwarke of her affections as the Fort was ready to be yelded vp: but that the feare of her Fathers displeasure, armed with the instigations of nature, draue her to meditate thus with herselfe.

Now Isabell, Loue and Fortune haue brought thee into a labyrinth, thy thoughts are like Ianus pictures, that present both peace and warre, and thy minde like Venus Anuile, whereon is hammered both Feare and Hope: Sith then the chance lieth in thine owne choyce, do not with Medea see and allow of the best, and then follow the worst: but of two extreames, if they be *Immediata*, chose that may haue least preiudice and most profite. Thy father is aged, and wise, and many yeares hath taught him much experience. The old Fore is more subtile than the

yong Cub, the Bucke more skilfull to chose his fode than the yong Fawnes. Men of age, feare and fore-see that which youth leapeth at with repentance. If then his graue wisdome exceedes thy greene wit, and his ripened fruites thy sprouting blossoms, thinke if he speake for thy auaile, as his principles are perfect, so they are grounded on Loue and Nature. Ibis a nere collop, sayes he, is cut of the owne flesh, and the stay of thy Fortunes, is the staffe of thy life: no doubt hee sees with a more piercing iudgement into the life of Francesco: for thou ouercome with fancie, censurest of all his actions with partialitie. Francesco, though he be young and beautifull, yet his reuenewes are not answerable to his fauours: the Cedar is faire, but vnfruitfull, the Volgo a bright streame but without fish: men couet rather to plant the Oliue for profit, than the Alder for beauty, and young Gentlewomen should rather fancy to liue, than affect to lust: for loue without lands, is like to a fire without fewell, that for a while sheweth a bright blaze, and in a moment dieth in his owne cinders. Dost thou thinke this, Isabell, that thine eie may not surfet so with beautie, that the minde shall vomite vp repentance: yes, for the fairest Roses haue prickes, the purest lawnes their moles, the brightest Diamonds their crackes, and the most beautiful men of the most imperfect conditions; for nature hauing care to polish the body so faire, ouerwaenes her selfe in her excellency, that shee leaues their minds imperfect. Whither now Isabel, into absurd Aphorismes: What can thy Father perswade thee to this, that the most glorious shels haue not the most orient margarites, that the purest flowers haue not the most perfect sauours, that men, as they excel in proportion of body, so they exceede in perfection of minde: Is not nature both curious and absolute, hiding the most vertuous minds in the most beautifull couertures: Why what of this, fond girle: Suppose these promises to be granted, yet they infer no conclusion: for suppose he bee beautifull and vertuous, and his wit is equall with his parentage, yet he wants wealth to maintaine Loue, and therefore, sayes old Fregoso, not worthy of Isabels loue. Shall I then tie my affection to his Lands or to his lineaments? To his riches, or his qualities: Are Venus altars to be filled with golde, or loyalty of harts? Is the simpathy of Cupids consistory united

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in the abundance of coyne: or the absolute perfection of constancy? Ah *Isabell*, thinke this, that loue knoweth no exception of want, that where Fancie displayes her colours, there alwayes either Plenty keeps her court, or else Patience so tempers euery extreme, that all defects are supplied with content. Vpon this, as hauing a farther reach, and a deeper insight, shee stept hastily to her standish, and writ him this answere.

Isabell to *Francesco*, health.

ALthough the nature of a Father, and the dutie of a childe might moue me resolutely to reiect thy letters, yet I receiued them, for that thou art Francesco, and I Isabell, who were once priuate in affection, as now we are distant in places. But know, my father, whose command to me is a law of constraint sets downe this censure, that loue without wealth, is like to a Cedar tree without fruite, or to corne sowne in the sandes, that withereth for want of moysture: and I haue reason Francesco to deeme of snow by the whitenesse, and of trees by the blossoms. The olde man whose wordes are Oracles tels me, that loue that entereth in a moment, flyeth out in a minute; that mens affections are like the deaw vppon a Christall, which no sooner lighteth on, but it leapeth off: their eies with euery glance make a new choice, and euery looke can commaund a sigh, hauing their harts like Saltpeter, that fiereth at the first, and yet prooueth but a flash; their thoughts reaching as high as Cedars, but as brittle as rods that breake with euery blast. Had Carthage beene bereft of so famous a Virago, if the Troian had beene as constant as hee was comely? Had the Queene of Poetrie beene pinched with so many passions, if the wanton Ferriman had beene as faithfull as he was faire? No Francesco, and therefore seeing the brightest blossomes are pestered with most Caterpillers, the sweetest Roses with the sharpest prickes, the fairest Cambrickes with the foulest staines, and men with the best proportion, haue commonly least perfection; I may feare to swallow the hooke, least I finde more bane in the confection, than pleasure in the bait. But here let me breathe, and with sighs forsake mine owne folly. Weomen, poore soules, are like to the Harts in Calabria, that knowing Dictamnum to bee

deadly, yet browse on it with gradinesse: resembling the Fish Mog a, that seing the hooke bare, yet swallowes it with delight, so women sore see, yet do not preuent, knowing what is profitable, yet not eschewing the preiudice: So Francesco, I see thy beauties, I know thy want, and I feare thy vanities, yet can I not but allow of all, were they the worst of all, because I finde in my mind this principle: In Loue is no lacke. What should I Francesco couet to dally with the mouse when the catte stands by, or fill my letter ful of needlesse ambages when my father, like Argus, setteth a hundred eies to ouer-pry my actions: while I am writing thy messenger stands at the doore praying: therefore, lest I should hold her too long in her orisons, or keepe thee (poore man) too long in suspence: thus briefely, Be vpon Thursday next at night hard by the Orchard vnder the greatest Oake, where expect my comming, prouide for our safe passage: for stode all the world on the one side, and thou on the other, Francesco should be my guide to direct me whither he pleased. Faile not then, vnlesse thou be false to her that would haue life faile ere she falsifie faith to thee.

Not her owne, because thine, *Isabell.*

AS soone as she had dispatcht her letter, she came downe, & deliuered the letter in forme of a pasport to the messenger, giuing her after her accustomed manner an almes, and closely clapt her in the fist with a brace of Angels. The woman thanking her good Maister, and her good Mistris, giuing the house her benison, hied her backe againe to Francesco, whom she found sitting solitary in his Chamber: no sooner did he espie her, but flinging out of his chaire, he changed colour as a man in a doubtfull extasie what should betide: yet conceiuing good hope by her countenance, who smiled more at the remembrance of her reward then at any other conceite, he tooke the letter and read it, wherein he found his humor so fitted, that he not onely thanked the messenger, but gaue her all the money in his purse, soe that she returned so highly gratified, as neuer afterward shee was found to exercise her old ocupation. But leauing her to the hope of her huswifry, againe to Francesco, who seing the constant affection of his Mistris, that neither the soure lokes of her father,

ther, nor his hard threates could affright her, to make change of her fancy, that no disaster fortune could driue her to make shipwrack of her fixed affection, that the blustring stormes of aduersity might assault, but not sacke the fort of her constant resolution, hee fell into this pleasing passion: Women (quoth he) why as they are heauens wealth, so they are earths miracles, framed by nature to despight beauty, adorned with the singularitye of proportion, to showd the excellency of all perfection, as far exceeding men in vertues as they excell them in beauties, resembling Angels in qualities, as they are like to Gods in perfectnesse, being purer in mind then in mould, and yet made of the purity of man: iust are they, as giuing Loue her due: constant, as holding loyalty more pretious then life: as hardly to be drawne from vnited affection, as the Salamanders from the cauerns of Ætna. Tush (quoth Francesco) what should I say: they be women, and therefore the continents of all excellencie. In this pleasant humor he passed away the time, not slacking his busines for prouision against Thursday at night: to the care of which affaires, let vs leaue him and returne to Isabell, who after shee had sent her letter, fell into a dumpe, entring into considerations of mens inconstancy, & of the ficklenes of their fancies; but all these meditations did sort to noe effect: whereupon sitting downe, she toke her Lute in her hand, and sung this Ode.

Isabels Ode.

SItting by a Riuers side
Where a silent streame did glide,
Banckt about with choyce of flowers,
Such as spring from April showers,
When faire *Iris* smiling shewes,
All her riches in her dewes,
Thick leaued trees so were planted
As not Art nor Nature wanted
Bordering all the brooke with shade:
As if *Venus* there had made
By *Floraes* wile, a curious bowre
To dally with her paramoure.

At this current as I gazd,
Eyes intrapt, minde amazde,
I might ſee in my ken,
Such a flame as fiereth men:
Such a fire as doth frie,
With one blaze both hart and eye,
Such a heate as doth proue
No heate like to the heate of loue.
Bright ſhe was, for t'was a ſhe,
That trac'd her ſteps towards me:
On her head ſhe ware a bay,
To fence *Phœbus* light away:
In her face one might deſcry
The curious beauty of the skie.
Her eies caried darts of fire,
Feathered all with ſwift deſire:
Yet forth theſe fiery darts did paſſe,
Pearled teares as bright as glaſſe,
That wonder twas in her eyne,
Fire and water ſhould combine:
If th' old Sawe did not borrow,
Fier is loue, and water ſorrow.
Downe ſhe ſate, pale and ſad,
No mirth in her lookes ſhe had,
Face and eies ſhewd diſtreſſe,
Inward ſighs diſcourſt no leſſe:
Head and hand might I ſee:
Elbow leaned on her knee,
Laſt ſhe breathed out this Saw,
Oh that loue hath no law,
Loue inforceth with conſtraint,
Loue delighteth in complaint.
Whoſo loues, hates his life,
For loues peace is minds ſtrife.
Loue doth feede on beauties fare,
Euery diſh ſawc'd with care:
Chiefely women, reaſon why,
Loue is hatcht in their eye:

Thence

Thence it steppeth to the hart,
There it poysneth euery part:
Mind and hart, eye and thought.
Till sweet loue their woes haue wrought.
Then repentant they gan cry,
Oh my hart that trowed mine eye.
Thus she said, and then she rose,
Face and mind both full of woes:
Flinging thence with this Saw,
Fie on loue that hath no law

Hauing finished her Ode, shée heard that her Father was come in, and therefore leauing her amorous instruments, she fell to her labour, to confirme the old prouerb in her fathers iealous head, *Otia si tollas, periere Cupidinis arcus*: but as warie as shée was, yet the old Gose could spie the gosling winke, and would not by any meanes trust her, but vsed his accustomed manner of restraint: yet as it is impossible for the smoke to bée concealed, or fire to bée suppressed: so Fregoso could not by subtile drifts so warily watch his transformed Io, but shée found a Mercurie to release her. For vppon Thursday lying in her bedde with little intent to sleepe, shée offered many sighs to Venus, that shée would be Matresse to Morpheus that some dead slumber might possesse all the house: which fell out accordingly, so that at midnight she rose vp, and finding her apparrel shut vp, she was faine to goe without hose, onely in her smocke and her peticoate, with her fathers hat and an olde cloake. Thus attired like Diana in her night gére, shée marcheth downe softly, where shée found Francesco readie with a priuate and familiar friend of his to watch her comming forth, who, casting his eie aside, and séing one in a hat and a cloake, suspecting some treachery, drew his sword: at which Isabell smiling, shée incountred him thus.

Gentle sir, if you be as valiant as you séeme cholericke, or as martiall as you would be thought hardie, set not vpon a weaponlesse woman, lest in thinking to triumph in so meane a conquest, you be preiudiced with the taint of cowardise. Twas neuer yet read, that warlike Mars drewe his Fawchion against louely Venus, were her offence neuer so great, or his Choler

neuer

neuer so much. Therefore Gentleman, if you be the man I take you, Isabels Francesco, leaue off your armes, and fall to amours, and let your parley in them be as short, as the night is silent, and the time dangerous. Francesco seeing it was the Paramour of his affections, let fall his sword, and caught her in his armes, ready to fall in a sound by a sudaine extasie of ioy: at last recouering his sence, he encountred her thus.

Faire Isabel, Natures ouermatch in beautie, as you are Dianaes superiour in vertue: at the sight of this attire, I drewe my sword, as fearing some priuy foe: but as son as the view of your perfection glanced as an obiect to mine eye, I let fall my arms, trembling as Acteon did, that he had dared too farre in gazing against soe gorgeous a Goddesse: yet ready in the defence of your sweet selfe, and rather then I would lose so rich a prize, not only to take vp my weapon, but to encounter hand to hand with the stoutest champion in the world. Sir (quoth shee) these protestations are now bootlesse: and therefore to be briefe, thus (and with that the teares trickled down the vermilion of her cheekes, and shee blubbered out this passion,) O Francesco, thou mayst see by my attire the depth of my fancie, and in these homely roabes mayst thou note the reatchlesnesse of my fortunes, that for thy loue haue strained a note too highe in loue, I offend Nature as repugnant to my Father, whose displeasure I haue purchast to please thee: I haue giuen a finall farewell to my friends, to bee thy familiar: I haue lost all hope of preferment, to confirme the simpathie of both our desires: ah Francesco, see, I come thus poore in apparrell, to make thee rich in content. Now if hereafter, (Oh let me sigh at that, lest I bee forced to repent too late) when thy eye is glutted with my beautie, and thy hotte loue prooued soone colde, then beginst thou to hate her that thus loueth thee, and prooue as Demophon did to Phillis, or as Æneas did to Dido. What then may I doe reiected, but accurse mine owne follie, that hath brought me to such hard fortunes? Giue me leaue, Francesco, to feare what may fall: for men are as inconstant in performance, as cunning in practises. Shee could not fully discourse what shee was about to vtter, but he broke off with this protestation. Ah *Isabel*, although the windes of Lepanthus are euer inconstant, the Chziterol euer brittle, the Po-

lipa

lipa euer changeable: yet measure not my minde by other motions, nor the depth of my affection by the fleeting of other fancies: for as there is a Topace that will yéeld to euery stampe, so there is an Emerald that will yéelde no impression. The selfe same Troy, as it had an Æneas that was fickle, so it had Troilus that was constant. Greece had a Pyramus, as it had a Demophoon: and though some haue béene ingratefull, yet accuse not all to bée vnthankefull: for when Francesco shall let his eye slip from thy beautie, or his thoughts from thy qualities, or his hart from thy vertues, or his whole life from euer honouring thée: then shall heauen cease to haue Starrs, the earth Trées, the world Elements, and euery thing reuersed, shall fall to their former chaos

Why then (quoth Isabell) to horsebacke, for feare the faith of two such Louers bée impeached by my fathers wakefull iealousie. And with that (poore woman) halfe naked as shée was, shée mounted, and as fast as horse would pace away they post towards a towne in the said country of Brittaine called Duncastrum. Where let vs leaue them in their false gallop, and returne to old Fregoso, who rising early in the morning, and missing his daughter, askt for her through the whole house: but séeing none could discouer where shée was, as assured of her escape, hée cried out as a man halfe lunaticke, that hée was by Francesco robd of his onely iewell. Whereupon in a despairing furie he caused all his men and his tenants to mount them, and to disperse themselues euery one with hue and cry for the recouery of his daughter, hée himselfe being horst, and riding the readie way to Duncastrum. Where hée no sooner came, but Fortune meaning to dally with the old dotard, and to present him a bone to gnaw on, brought it so to passe, that as he came riding downe the towne, hée mette Francesco, and his daughter comming from the Church, which although it pierst him to the quicke, and strained euery string of his hart to the highest note of sorrow, yet he concealed it till hée toke his Inne: and then stumbling as fast as hée could to the Maiors house of the Towne, hée reuealed vnto him the whole cause of his distresse, requiring his fauour for the clapping vp of this vnruely gentleman: and to make the matter more heinous he accused him of felony, that he had not onely, contrarie to th'

cuſtome bereft him of his daughter againſt his will, but with his daughter, had taken away certaine plate. This cuidence cauſed the Mayor ſtraight, guarded with his Officers, to march downe with Fregoſo to the place where Iſabell, and her Franceſco were at breakefaſt, little thinkeing (poore ſoules) ſuch a ſharpe ſtorme ſhould follow ſo quiet a calme: but fortune would haue it ſo. And therefore, as they were carowſing each to other in a ſweete frolike of hoped for content, the Mayor ruſht in, and apprehended him of felony: which draue the poore perplexed louers into ſuch a dumpe, that they ſtode as the pictures that Perſeus with his ſhielde turned into ſtones. Franceſco preſently with a ſharpe inſight, entred into the cauſe & perceiued it was the drift of the olde Fore his father in law: wherefore he toke it with the more patience. But Iſabell ſeeing her new husband ſo handled, fell into a ſwound for ſorrow, which could not preuaile with the Sergeants, but they conueyed him to priſon, and her to the Mayors houſe. As ſoone as this was done, Fregoſo as a man careleſſe what ſhould become of them, in a ſtrange Countrie, toke horſe and rode home: he paſt melancholy, and theſe remained ſorrowfull, eſpecially Iſabel, who after ſhe had almoſt blubbred out her eyes for griefe, fell at length into this paſſion.

Infortunate Iſabell, and there fore infortunate, becauſe thy ſorrowes are more then thy yéeres, and thy diſtreſſe too heauie for the prime of thy youth. Are the heauens ſo vniuſt, the ſtarres ſo diſmal, the planets ſo iniurious, that they haue more contrarie oppoſitions then fauourable aſpects? that their influence doth infuſe more preiudice than they can inferre profite? Then no doubt if their motions bée ſo maligne, Saturne conſpiring with all balefull ſignes calculated the houre of thy birth full of diſaſter accidents. Ah Iſabell thou maiſt ſée, the birds that are hatched in winter, are nipt with euery ſtorme, ſuch as flye againſt the ſunne are either ſcorched or blinded, and thoſe that repugne againſt nature, are euer croſt by fortune. Thy father ſoreſaw theſe euils, and warned thée by experience, thou reiectedſt his counſaile, and therefore art bitten with repentance: ſuch as loke not before they leape, oft fall into the ditch: and they that ſcorne their parents, cannot auoide punithment: The young Tigers follow the braying of their olde Sire, the tender Fawnes chooſe

their

their fode by the old Bucke: These brute beasts, and without reason, stray not from the limites of nature: thou a woman and endued with reason, art therefore thus sorrowfull, because thou hast béene unnaturall. Whither nowe Isabell? What, like the shrubs of India, parched with every storme? Wilt thou resemble the brookes of Carnia, that dry up with every Sunne-shine? Shall one blast of Fortune blemish all thy affection? one frowne of thy father infringe thy loue toward thy husband? Wilt thou be so inconstant at the first, that hast promised to be loyall euer? If thou béest danted on thy marriage day, thou wilt be flétting hereafter: didst thou not chuse him for his vertues, and nowe wilt thou refuse him for his hard fortunes? is he not thy husband? yes, and therefore more déere to thée then thy Father. I *Isabell*, and vppon that resolue, lest hauing so faithfull a Troylus, thou prooue as hatefull as Cressida: sorrow *Isabell*, but not that thou followed Francesco, but that Francesco by thée is fallen into such misfortunes: séeke to mitigate his malladies by thy patience, not to incense his gréefe with thy passions: courage is knowne in extremities, womanhood in distresse: and as the Chrisolite is proued in the fire and the Diamond by the anuile, so loue is tried not by fauour of Fortune, but by the aduersity of time. Therefore *Isabell, Feras non culpes, quod vitare non potes*, and with Tully resolue thus:

Puta rerum humanarum nihil esse firmum; nec in prosperis
laetitia gesties, nec in aduersis dolore concides.

With this shée held her peace and rested silent, so behauing her selfe in the Mayors house, with such modesty and patience, that as they held her for a Paragon of beautie, so they counted her for a spectacle of vertue: thinking her outward proportion was farre inferiour to her inward perfection: so that generally she wan the hearts of the whole house in that they pitied her case, and wished her libertie. Insomuch that Francesco was the better vsed for her sake: who being imprisonned grieued not at his owne sinister mishap, but sorrowed for the Fortune of *Isabell*, passing both day and night with many extreame passions, to thinke on the distresse of his beloued Paramour. Fortune who had wrought this tragedy intending to shewe that her front is as full of fauours as of frownes, and that shée holds a dimple in her chéeke,

as shée hath a wrincle in her brow, began thus in a Commicall veine to be pleasant. After many dayes were passed, and that the Mayor had entred into the good demeanour of them both, noting, that it proceéded rather of the displeasure of the Father, than for any speciall desart of felony, séeing youth would haue his swinge, and that as the minerals of Ætna stone fire, as the leaues in Parthia burne in the Sunne, soe young yéares are incident to the heate of loue, and affection will burst into such amorous parties: Hée not as Chremes in Terence, measuring the flames of youth by his dead cinders, but thinkeing of their present fortunes by the follies of their former age, called a Conuenticle of his brethren, and séeing there was none to giue any further euidence, thought to let Francesco lose. Hauing their féete consent, the next day taking Isabell with him, he went to the Jayle, where they heard such rare reportes of the behauiour of Francesco, that they sorrowed not so much at his fortunes, as they wondred at his vertues: for the Jaylor discourst vnto them how, as he was greatly passionate, so he vsed great patience, hauing this verse oft in his mouth:

Fortiter ille facit, qui miser esse potest.

That he was affable and courteous, winning all, & offending none, that all his house, as they grœued at his imprisonment, would be sory at his inlargement: not for enuy of his person, but for sorrow of his absence. The Jaylor thus commending the Gentleman, conducted them to the chamber dore where Francesco lay, whom they found in secret meditation with himselfe: therefore they stayed, and were silent Auditors to his passions: the first word they heard him breathe out with a sigh, was this,

Soufrir me plaist, car l'espoir me conforte.

And with that taking a Citterne in his hand, saying this note,

Pour paruenir I'endure.

Hée warbled out this Ode.

Franceſcoes Ode.

VVHen I looked about the place
Where ſorrow nurſeth vp diſgrace,

Wrapt

Wrapt with a folde of cares,
Whose distresse no hart spares:
Eyes might looke, but see no light,
Heart might thinke, but no despight,
Sunne did shine, but not on me,
Sorrow said, it may not bee,
That heart or eie should once possesse
Any salue to cure distresse:
For men in prison must suppose,
Their couches are the beds of woes:
Seeing this, I sighed then,
Fortune thus should punish men.
But when I cald to mind her face,
For whose loue I brooke this place,
Starry eies, whereat my sight
Did eclipse with much delight,
Eies that lighten, and do shine,
Beames of loue that are diuine,
Lilly cheekes whereon beside,
Buds of Roses shew their pride,
Cherry lipps, which did speake
Words that made all harts to breake:
Words most sweet, for breath was sweet,
Such perfumes for loue is meete:
Precious words, as hard to tell,
Which more pleased, wit or smell.
When I saw my greatest paines
Grow for her that beauty staines,
Fortune thus I did reproue.
Nothing griefesull growes from loue,

Hauing thus chaunted ouer his Ode, hée heard the chamber doze open, whereupon hée grew melancholie; but when he saw the goddesse of his affection, on whose constant loyalty depended the essence of his happinesse, he started vp, as when loue-sicke Mars sawe Venus entring his pauilion in triumph, entertaining them all generally with such affabilitie, and her particularly with such courtesie, that hée shewed himselfe as full of vurture as of nature. Interchange of entertainment thus past betwéene

these two louers, as well with emphasis of wordes as extasie of mindes, concluding with streames of pathetical teares. The Mayor at last entred parley, and tolde Francesco, though his Father in lawe had alleadged felony against him, yet because he perceiued that it rather proceeded of some secret reuenge, then any manifest truth, and that no further euidence came to censure the allegation, he was content to set him at libertie, conditionally, Francesco should giue his hand to bee answerable to what hereafter in that behalfe might bee obiected against him. These conditions accepted, Francesco was set at liberty, and hee and *Isabell* ioyntly together taking themselues to a little Cottage, began to be as Ceremonicall as they were amorous: with their hands thrift coueting to satisfie their hearts thirst, and to be as diligent in labours, as they were affectionate in loues: so that the parish wherein they liued, so affected them for the course of their life, that they were counted the very mirrors of a Democraticall methode: for he being a Scholler, and nurst vp in the Vniuersities, resolued rather to liue by his witte, then any way to be pinched with want, thinking this olde sentence to bee true, That wishers and woulders were neuer good housholders, therefore he applied himselfe in teaching of a Schoole, where, by his industry, he had not onely great fauour, but gat wealth to withstand fortune. *Isabell*, that shee might seeme no lesse profitable then her husband carefull, fell to her needle, & with her worke sought to preuent the iniurie of necessitie. Thus they laboured to maintaine their loues, being as busie Bees, and as true as Turtles, as desirous to satisfie the worlde with their desert, as to feede the humours of their owne desires. Liuing thus in a league of vnited vertues, out of this mutuall concorde of confirmed perfection, they had a Sonne answerable to their owne proportion, which did increase their amitie, so as the sight of their young infant was a double ratifiyng of their affection. Fortune and loue thus ioyning in league to make these parties to forget the stormes that had nipped the blossomes of their former yeeres, addicted to the content of their loues this conclusion of blisse. After the terme of fiue yeeres, Segnior Fregoso hearing by sundrie reports the fame of their forwardnesse, how Francesco coueted to be most loying to his daughter, and shee most dutifull to him,

and

and both striue to exréde one another in loyaltie, glad at this mutuall agrément, hée fell from the furie of his former melancholy passions, and satisfied himselfe with a contented patience, that at last hée directed letters to his Sonne in Law, that hée shoulde make repaire to his house with his daughter. Which newes was no sooner come to the eares of this married couple, but prouiding for all things necessarie for the furniture of their voyage, they posted as fast as they could towardes Caerbrancke, where spédily arriuing at their Fathers house, they found such friendly entertainement at the old mans hand, that they counted this smile of Fortune able to counteruaile all the contrarie stormes, that the aduerse planets had inflicted vpon them.

Seated thus, as they thought, so surely, as no sinister chance, or dismall influence might remoue, She that is constant in nothing but inconstancie, beganne in haire skie to produce a tempest thus.

It so chaunced that Francesco had necessarie businesse to dispatch at the chiefe Cittie of that Iland, called Troynouant, thither with the leaue of his Father, and farewell to his wife, hée departed, after they were married seauen yeares: where, after he was arriued, knowing that hée should make his abode there for the space of some nine wéekes, he sold his horse, and hired him a chamber, earnestly endeauouring to make spédie dispatch of his affaires, that hée might the sooner enioy the sight of his desired *Isabell*; for did hée sée any woman beautifull, hée viewed her with a sigh, thinking how far his wife did surpasse her in excellence: were the modesty of any woman well noted by her qualities, it grieued him hée was not at home with his *Isabell*, who did excell them all in vertues.

Thus he construed all to her perfection, hauing no vacant time neither day nor night, wherein hée did not ruminate on the perfection of Isabel, As thus his thoughts were diuided on his businesse, and on his wife, looking one day out at his Chamber windowe, hée espied a young Gentlewoman which looked out at a casement right opposite against his prospect, who fired her eyes vpon him with such cunning and artificiall glaunces, as shée shewed in them a chaste disdaine, and yet a modest desire. Where (by the way Gentlemen) let me say thus much; that our

Cur-

Curtizans of Troynouant, are farr superiour in artificiall allurement to them of all the worlde: for although they haue not the painting of *Italie*, nor the charmes of *France*, nor the Iewels of *Spaine*, yet they haue in their eies Adamants, that will drawe youth as the Ieat the straw, or the sight of the Panther the ermyn: their lookes are like lures that will reclaime, and like Cyrces apparitions, that can represent in them all motions: they containe modesty, mirth, chastity, wantonnesse, and what not: and she that holdeth in her eie most ciuility, hath oft in her hart most dishonesty, being like the pyrit stone, that is fire without and frost within. Such a one was this merry minion, whose honesty was as choice as Venus chastity, being as faire as Helena, and as faithlesse; as well featured as Cressida, and as crafty: hauing an eie for euery passenger, a sigh for euery louer, a smile for euery one that vaild his bonnet: and because she loued the game well, a quiuer for euery Woodmans arrow. This curtizan, seeing this country Francesco was no other but a mere nouice, and that so newly, that to vse the olde prouerbe, he had scarce seene the Lions. She thought to intrap him, and so arrest him with her amorous glances, that she shold wring him by the purse: wherupon euery day she would stand out at her casement and there discouer her beauties. Francesco, who was like the Fly that delighted in the flame, and coueted to feed with his eie on this beauteous Curtizan, tilted at her with interchange of glances, and one a day to try the fineneſſe of his wit, with a poeticall fury, began thus to make a Canzone.

CANZONE.

As when the Sunne sate lordly in his pride,
Not shadowed with the vaile of any cloude,
The welkin had no racke that seem'd to glide,
No dusky vapour did bright *Phœbus* shroude
No blemish did eclipse the beauteous skie,
From setting forth heauens secret serching eie
No blustering wind did shake the shady trees,
Each leafe lay still and silent in the wood,
The birds were musicall; the labouring Bees,
That in the summer heaps their winters good,

plied

Plied to the hiues ſweet honey from thoſe flowers,
Whereout the Serpent ſtrengthens all his powers.
The Lyon layd and ſtretcht him in the lawnes,
No ſtorme did holde the Leopard from his pray,
The fallow fieldes were full of wanton Fawnes,
The plow-ſwaines neuer ſaw a fairer day:
For euery beaſt and bird did take delight,
To ſee the quiet heauens to ſhine ſo bright.
When thus the windes lay ſleeping in the Caues,
The ayre was ſilent in her concaue ſpheare,
And *Neptune* with a calme did pleaſe the ſlaues,
Ready to waſh the neuer drenched Beare,
Then did the change of my affects begin,
And wanton Loue aſſaid to ſnare me in.
Leaning my backe againſt a lofty pine,
Whoſe top did checke the pride of all the ayre:
Fixing my thoughts, and with my thoughts, mine eine,
Vpon the Sun, the faireſt of all faire:
What thing made God ſo faire as this, quoth I?
And thus I muzde vntill I darkt mine eye.
Finding the Sun too glorious for my ſight,
I glanſt my looke to ſhun ſo bright a lampe:
With that appeard an obiect twice as bright,
So gorgeous as my ſenſes all were dampt,
In *Ida* richer beauty did not win
When louely *Venus* ſhew'd her ſiluer skin.
Her pace was like to *Iunoes* pompous ſtraines,
When as ſhe ſweepes through heauens braſſe-pated way,
Her front was powdred through with azurd vaines,
That twixt ſweet Roſes and faire Lillies lay:
Reflecting ſuch a mixture from her face,
As tainted *Venus* Beautie with diſgrace:
Artophylax the brighteſt of the ſtarres,
Was not ſo orient as her chriſtall eyes,
Wherein triumphant ſate both Peace and Wars,
From out whoſe arches ſuch ſweet fauour flies,
As might reclaime *Mars* in his higheſt rage,
At beauties charge his fury to aſſwage.

The Diamond gleames not more reflecting lights,
Painted with fiery pyramides to shine,
Than are those flames that burnish in our sights,
Darting fire out the christall of her eyne,
Able to set *Narcissus* thoughts on fire,
Although he swore him foe to sweete desire;
Gazing vpon this Lemman with mine eye,
I felt my sight vaile bonet with her lookes,
So deepe a passion to my hart did slie,
As I was trapt within her luring lookes,
Forc't to confesse before that I had done.
Her beauty far more brighter then the Sun.

Francesco hauing thus in a poeticall humour pleased his fancie, when his leisure serued him, would, to make proofe of his constancie, interchange amorous glances with this faire Curtizan, whose name was Infida, thinking his inward affections were so surely grounded on the vertues of his Isabell, that no exterior proportion could effect any passion to the contrary: but at last he found by experience, that the fairest blossomes are soonest nipt with frosts, the best fruite soonest touched with Caterpillers, and the ripest wittes most apt to bee ouerthrowne by loue. Infida taught him with her lokes to learne this, that the eye of the Basiliske pierceth with preiudice: that the iuyce of Celidonie is sweet, but it fretteth deadly: that Circes cuppes were too strong for all Antidotes, and womens flatteries too forceable to resist at voluntarie: for she so snared him in her perfection, insomuch that he thought her second to Isabel, if not superiour. Dallying thus with beautie, as the flie in the flame: Venus willing to shewe howe forceable her influence was so tempted with opportunitie, that as Francesco walked abroad to take the ayre, he met with Infida gadding abroad with certaine her companions, who like blazing Starres shewed the markes of inconstant minions; for shee noe sooner drewe neere Francesco, but dying her face with a Vermillion blush, and in a wanton eye hiding a fained modestie, she saluted him with a lowe courtesie. Segnior Francesco that could well skill to court all kinde of degrees, lest he might then be thought to haue little manners, returning, not

onely,

onely her curteſies with his bonnet, but taking Infida by the hand began thus: Faire Miſtreſſe, and if mine eye be not deceiued in ſo bright an obiect; mine ouerthwart neighbour, hauing often ſéene with delight, and coueted with deſire to bée acquainted with your ſwéete ſelfe, I cannot now but gratulate fortune with many thankes, that hath offered ſuch fitte opportunity to bring me to your preſence, hoping I ſhall find you ſo friendly, as to craue that we may be more familiar. She that knew how to entertaine ſuch a young nouice, made him this cunning reply. Indéede ſir, neighbourhode craues charitie, and ſuch affable Gentlemen as your ſelfe deſerues rather to be entertained with curteſie, than reiected with diſdaine. And therefore ſir, what priuate friendſhippe mine honour or honeſty may afford, you aboue all (that hitherto I haue knowne) ſhall commaund. Then Miſtriſſe (quoth he) for that euery man counts it credite to haue a patroneſſe of his fortunes, and I am a méere ſtranger in this citty, let me finde ſuch fauour, that all my actions may bée ſhrowded vnder your excellence, and carry the name of your Seruant, ready for requitall of ſuch gracious countenance, to vnſheath my ſworde in the defence of my Patroneſſe for euer. She that had her humour fitted with this motion, anſwered thus, with a looke that had béene able to haue forced Troylus to haue béene trothleſſe to his Creſſida: How kindely I take it Seignior Franceſco, for ſo I vnderſtand your name, that you proffer your ſeruice to ſo meane a Miſtreſſe, the effectuall fauour that ſhall, to my poore abilitie, gratifie your curteſie, ſhall manifeſt how I account of ſuch a friend. Therefore from henceforth Infida entertaines Franceſco for her ſeruant: and I (quoth ſhée) accept of the beauteous Infida as my Miſtreſſe. Upon this they fell into other amorous prattle which I leaue off, and walked abroad while it was dinner time. Franceſco ſtill hauing his eye vppon his new miſtreſſe, whoſe beauties ſhe thought, if they were equally tempered with vertues, to exceed all that yet his eye had made ſuruey of. Doating thus on this new face with a new fancy, he often wrong her by the hand, and brake off his ſentences, with ſuch déepe ſighes, that ſhe perceiued by the weather-cocke where the winde blew: returning ſuch amorous paſſions, as ſhe ſéemed as much entangled, as he was enamoured

Well, thinking now that she had baited her hooke, she would not cease while she had fully caught the fish, shee beganne thus to lay the traine. When they were come neere to the Citty gates, she stayed on a suddaine, and straining him hard by the hand, and glauncing a looke from her eyes, as if shee would both shew fauor and craue affection, shee beganne thus smilingly to assault him.

Seruant, the Lawyers say, the *assumsit* is neuer good, where the partie giues not somewhat in consideration, that seruice is voyde, where it is not made fast by some fee. Lest therefore your eye should make your minde variable, as mens thoughts follow their sights, & their looks wauer at the excellence of new obiects, and so I loose such a seruant: to tye you to a stake with an earnest, you shall be this day my guest at dinner: then if hereafter you forget your mistris, I shall appeale at the barre of loyaltie, and so condemne you of lightnesse, Francesco that was tyed by the eye, and had his hart on his halfepeny, could not deny her, but with many thankes accepted of her motion, so that agreed, they went all to Infidaes house to dinner, where they had such cheere, as could vpon the suddaine bee prouided. Infida giuing him such friendly and familiar entertainement at his repast, as well with sweet prattle, as with amorous glances, that hee rested captiue within the labyrinth of flatteries. After dinner was done, that shee might tye him from starting, shee thought to set all her wits vpon Ela. Therefore shee tooke a lute in her hand, and in an angelical harmony warbled out this conceited Ditty.

Infidaes Song.

SWeet *Adon* darst not glance thine eye,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy,
Vpon thy *Venus* that must die?
Ie vous en prie, pitty me:
N'oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy.

See how sad thy *Venus* lies,
N'oseres vous, mon bel amy,
Loue in heart, and teares in eyes,

Ie

Ie vous en prie, pitty me:
N' oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N' oseres vous, mon bel amy.

Thy face is faire as *Paphos* brookes,
N' oseres vous, mon bel amy,
Wherein fancy baites her hookes,
Ie vous en prie, pitie me:
N' oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N' oseres vous, mon bel amy.

Thy cheekes like cherries that do grow,
N' oseres vous, mon bel amy,
Amongst the Westerne Mounts of snow.
Ie vous en prie, pitty me:
N' oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N' oseres vous, mon bel amy.

Thy lips vermillion full of loue,
N' oseres vous, mon bel amy.
Thy necke as siluer, white as doue,
Ie vous en prie, pitty me:
N' oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N' oseres vous, mon bel amy.

Thine eyes like flames of holy fires,
N' oseres vous, mon bel amy.
Burnes al my thoughts with sweet desires,
Ie nous en prie, pitty me:
N' oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N' oseres vous, mon bel amy.

All thy beauties sting my hart,
N' oseres vous, mon bel amy.
I must die through *Cupids* dart,
Ie vous en prie, pitty me:
N' oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N' oseres vous, mon bel amy.

Wilt thou let thy *Venus* die,
N' oseres vous, mon bel amy,
Adon were vnkind say I,
Ie vous en prie, pitie me:
N' oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N' oseres vous, mon bel amy.

To let faire *Venus* die for woe,
N' oseres vous, mon bel amy,
That doth loue sweet *Adon* so,
Ie vous en prie, pitty me:
N' oseres vous, mon bel, mon bel,
N' oseres vous, mon bel amy.

While thus Infida sung her song, Francesco sate, as if with Orpheus melody hée had béene inchaunted, hauing his eyes fired on her face, and his eares attendant on her musicke, so that hée yéelded to that Syren which after forc't him to a fatall shipwracke. Infida laying away her Lute after, fell to other prattle. But because it grew late in the afternoone, Francesco that was called away by his vrgent affaires, toke his leaue: whereat Infida séemed very melancholy, which made our young Scholler halfe mad, yet with a solemne congée departing, he went about his businesse: whereas our cunning Curtizan, séeing her novice gone, began to smile, and sayd to her companions, that shée had made a good market that had caught such a tame fole. Alas poore young Gentleman (quoth she) he is like to the leaues in Ægypt, that as they spring without raine, so they burne at the sight of the fire: or to the Swallowes, that think euery Sunne-shine Sommers day. Hée was neuer long waiter in Venus Court, that counts euery smile a fauour, & euery laugh to bée true loue but it is no matter, hee hath store of pence, and I will sell him many passions, vntil I leaue him as empty of coyne, as my selfe is voyd of fancy. And thus leauing her iesting at her new intertained Seruant, againe to Francesco, who after hée had made dispatch of his businesse, got him home to his lodging: where sitting solitary in his chamber, hée began to call to remembrance the perfections of his new Mistrisse, the excellent proportion of

her

her phylnomy, her ſtature, voice, geſture, vertues (as he thought) ruminating vpon euery part with a plaudite. At laſt, as he was in this pleaſing ſuppoſe, he remembred his ſweete Iſabel, whoſe beauty and vertue was once ſo precious, that betwéene his olde loue, and his new fancy, he fell into theſe paſſions. Ah Franceſco, whither art thou carried with new conceites? ſhall thy fruits be more ſubiect to the Northerne blaſtes, then thy bloſſomes? ſhall thy middle age be more full of folly than thy tender yéres? wilt thou loue in thy youth, and luſt when thy dayes are halfe ſpent? Men ſay that the Cedar, the elder it is, the ſtraighter it growes; that Narciſſus flowers, the higher they ſpring, the more glorious is their hew: and ſo ſhould Gentlemen, as they exceéd in yeares, excell in vertues: but thou (Franceſco) art like to the Halciones, which being hatcht white as milke, grow to bée as blacke as Jeat: the young Storks haue a muſicall voyce, but the olde a fearefull ſound. When thou wert of ſmall age, men honoured thée for thy qualities, and now in yeares, ſhall they hate thée for thy vices? But to what end tendes this large preamble to checke thy fondneſſe, that muſt leaue to loue, and learne to luſt? What, leaue to loue Iſabell, whoſe beautie is diuine, whoſe vertues rare, whoſe chaſtity loyall, whoſe conſtancy vntainted? And for whom? for loue of ſome vnknowne Curtezan. Conſider this Franceſco, Iſabell for thy ſake hath left her Parents, forſaken her friends: reiected the world, and was content rather to bréake pouerty with thée, than poſſeſſe wealth with her Father. Is ſhée not faire to content thine eye, vertuous to allure thy minde: May, is ſhe not thy wife, to whom thou art bound by law, loue, and conſcience, and yet wilt thou ſtart from her? what from Iſabell? Didſt thou not vowe that the heauens ſhoulde bée without lampes, the earth without beaſts, the world without Elements, before Iſabell ſhould be forſaken of her Franceſco? And wilt thou proue as falſe as ſhée is faithfull? ſhall ſhée like Dido cry out againſt Æneas? like Phyllis againſt Demophoon? like Adriadne againſt Theſeus, and thou bée cannonized in the Chronicles, for a man full of periury? Oh conſider Franceſco whom thou ſhalt loſe if thou loſeſt Iſabel, and what thou ſhalt gaine if thou winneſt Infida: the one being a louing wife, the other a flattering Curtizan. Haſt thou read Ariſtotle, and findeſt thou

not

not in his Philosophie, this sentence set downe?

Omne animal irrationale ad sui simlem diligendum naturâ dirigitur.

And wilt thou that art a creature endued with reason, as thou art excelling them in wisoome, exceed them in vanities? Hast thou turned ouer the liberall Sciences as a scholer, and amongst them all hast not found this generall principle, that vnity is the essence of amity; and yet wilt thou make a diuision in the greatest simpathy of al loues? Nay Francesco, art thou a Christian, and hast tasted of the swæt fruits of Theology, and hast not read this in holy writ, pend downe by that miracle of wisedome Salomon, that hæ which is wise should reiect the strang woman, and not regard the swætnesse of her flattery.

Desire not the beauty of a strange woman in thine heart, nor bee not intrapped in her eye-lids:

For through a whorish woman, a man is brought to a morsell of bread, and a woman will hunt for the precious life of a man.

Can a man take fire in his bosome, and not be burnt? or can a man treade vpon coales, and not be scorched?

So he that goeth to his neighbours wife shal not be innocent whosoeuer toucheth her.

Men doe not despise a theefe when hee stealeth to satisfie his soule: but if he be found, he shall restore seauen folde, or giue al the substance of his house.

But hee that committeth adultery with a woman is destitute of vnderstanding; he that doth it destroyeth his owne soule.

He shall finde a wound and dishonor, and his reproch shal neuer be put away.

If then Francesco, Theologie tels thæ such arioms, wilt thou striue against the streame, and with the Dære, fæde against the winde? Wilt thou swallow vp sinne with grædinesse, that thou must bæ punished without repentance? Noe Francesco, home to the wife of thy youth, and drinke the pleasant waters of thine owne Well. And what of all these friuolous circumstances? Wilt thou measure euery action with Philosophy, or euery thought with diuinitie? Then shalt thou liue in the world, as a man hated in the world. What Francesco, hæ that is affraide of euery bush, shall neuer prooue good huntsman; and be

that

that at euery gust puts to the Lée, shall neuer be good Nauigator. Thou art now Francesco, to be a Louer, not a Diuine, to measure thy affectiõs by Ouids principles, not by rules of theology, and time present wils thee to loue Infida, when thou canst not loke on Isabel, distance of place is a discharge of dutie, and men haue their faults, as they are full of fancies. What, the blinde eates many a flie, and much water runnes by the Mill that the Miller neuer knowes of, the cuill that the eye sées not, the hart rues not, *Caste si non caute*. Tush Francesco, Isabell hath not Lynceus eyes, to sée so farre. Therefore while thou art resident in London, enioy the beauty of Infida, and when thou art at home, onely content thée with Isabell, so with a small fault shalt thou fully satisfie thine owne affections. Thus Francesco soothed himselfe, and did *In vtranuis aurem dormire*, caring little for his good, as long as hée might please his newe Goddesse, and making noe exception of a wife, so hée might bée accepted of his Paramour. To effect therefore the desired ende of his affects, hée made himselfe as neate and quaint as might bée, and hied him home to his new mistrisse house, to put in practise that which himselfe had purposed: whither in the afternoone arriuing, he vnderstoode by her chamber maid that she was at home and solitary: by her therefore he was conducted to Infidaes Closet, where he found her séeming melancholy, and thus awaked her from her dumps.

Faire Mistris haile to your person, quiet to your thoughtes, and content to your desires. At my first comming into your Chamber séeing you sit so melancholy, I thought either Diana sate musing on the principles of her modestie, or Venus malcontent, dumping on her amours: for the shewe of your vertues represents the one, and the excellence of your beautie discouers the other: but at last, when the glister of your beautie surpassing them both, reflected like the pride of Phœbus on my face, I perceiued it was my good Mistresse, that discontented sate in her dumps; wherefore, as your bounden seruant, if either my word or sword may sée you from these passions, I am hére ready in all actions howsoeuer preiudiciall, to shewe the effect of my affection. Infida gladde to sée her Louer in this Labyrinth: wherein to binde him sure, shée taking him by the hand, made

this willy answere.

Sweete seruant, how discontent soeuer I séeme, dismay not you: for your welcome is such as you can wish, or the sincerities of my heart affoord: womens dumpes grow not euer of a preiudiciall mishap, but oft times of some superficiall melancholy, inforced with a frowne, and shaken off with a smile: hauing sorrowe in their faces, and pleasure in their heart: resembling the leaues of the Liquorice, that when they are most full of deawe without, are then most drie within. I tell you seruant, women are willy cattell, and therefore haue I chosen so good a Heardsman as your selfe, that what our wantonnesse offends, your wisedome may amend. But trust me Francesco, were I wronged by Fortune, or iniured by any Foe, the promise of such a Champiõ were sufficient to arme me with disdain against both: but rest satisfied, your presence hath banished all passions, and therefore you may sée seruant, you are the Loadstone by whose vertue my thoughts take all their direction. Béeing thus pleasant, shée set Francesco downe by her, and hand in hand interchanged amorous glances. But hée that was abasht to discouer his minde, in that some sparkes of honesty still remained in his heart, sate tormented with loue and feare, prickt forward by the one to discourse his desires, kept backe by the other from vttering his affections. Thus in a quandary he sate like one of Medusaes changelings, till Infida séeing him in this suddaine amaze, began thus to shake him out of his passions.

Now Segnior Francesco, I sée the olde adage is not alwaies true, *Consulenti nunquam caput doluit*: for you that earst alleaged perswasions of mirth, are now ouergrowne with melancholy. When an extreme storme followes a pleasant calme, then the effects are metaphysicall. and where such a violent dumpe of cares is sequence to such anextasie of ioyes, either I must attribute it to some apoplexie of sences, or some strange alteration of passions. Francesco, the ouen dampt vp hath the greatest heat, fire suppressed is most forcible, the streames stopt, either breake through or ouerflowe, and sorrowes concealed, as they are most passionate, so they are most peremptory. What Francesco? spit on thy hand, and lay holde on thy heart, one pound of care paies not an ounce of debt: a friend to reueale, is a medicine to

relieue

relieue: discouer thy griefe, and if I bee not able to redresse with wealth, although what I haue is at thy commaund, yet I will attempt with counsaile, either to perswade thee from passions, or intreate thee to patience: say Francesco, and feare not, for as I will be a friendly counseller, so I will be a faithfull concealer.

Our young Gentleman hearing Infida apply such lenitiue plaisters to his cutting corasiues, thought the patient had great hope when the Phisition was so friendly; he therefore with a demure countenance beginning Louer-like his preamble with a deepe sigh, courted her thus.

Faire Mistris (quoth he) if I faile in my speeches, thinke it is, because I faint in my passions, being as timorous to offend, as I am amorous to attempt: when the obiect is offered to the sence, the sight is hindred, *Sensibile sensui oppositum, nulla fit sensatio*: Mars could neuer play the Orator, when hee wrong Venus by the hands: nor Tully tell his tale when his thoughts were in Terentiaes eyes: Louers are like to the Heban blossomes, that open with the deaw, and shut with the Sunne; so they in presence of their mistresse haue their tongues tied, and their eyes open, pleading with the one, and being silent in the other; which one describeth thus:

Alter in alterius iactantes lumina vultus,
Quærebant taciti noster vbi esset amor.

Therefore sweet Infida, what my tongue vtters not, thinke conceited in my heart: and then thus: since first my good fortune, if thou fauourest me, or my aduerse destinies, if I finde thee contrary, brought me to Troynouant, and that these ouer-daring eyes were entertained into those gorgeous obiects, know, that Cupid lying at aduantage, so snared me in thy perfections, that euer since euery sence hath rested imperfect. For when I marked thy face, more beauteous than Venus, I surueyed it with a sigh, and mine eye purtraied it with a passion: when I noted thy vertues, then my minde rested captiue: when I heard thy wit, I did not onely wonder, but I was so wrapt in the Labyrinth of thine excellence, that no starre but Infida could be the guide whereby to direct my course. Sith then faire Mistresse, you, and none but you, haue robbed me of my affections, harbour not in such a sweete body a hard heart, but doe me iustice, let me haue

loue for loue, leſt I complaine my deſtinies to be equiualent to my deſires, and think my fortunes to be ſharper then my loues. Thinke, Infida, faults in affections are but light follies: Venus hath ſhrines to ſhaddow her trewants, and Cupids winges are ſhelters for ſuch as venture too farre to content their thoughts. Sinnes vnſeene, are halfe pardoned, and Loue requires not chaſtitie, but that her Souldiers be charie. Then thinke (ſweet Infida) if thou grant my deſire, how carefull I will be of thy honor, rather ready to abide the preiudice of life, then to breake the diſparagement of thy fame: In liew therefore of my loyall ſeruice, grant me that ſweet gift, which as it begins in amity, can no way take end but in death: otherwiſe I ſhal bee forced to accurſe my fortunes, accuſe my frowardneſſe, and expect no other hap but a life full of miſeries, or a death full of martyrdome. With this paſſion ending his plea, he diſſolued into ſuch ſighes, that it diſcouered his inward affection, not to be leſſe then his outward proteſtation.

Infida noting the perpleritie of her Louer, conceited his griefe with great ioy: yet that ſhe might not be thought too forwarde, ſhee ſeemed thus froward: and though her thoughts were more than his deſires, and that her minde was no leſſe than his motion, yet pulling her hand frō his, ſhe made this frowning reply.

What Franceſco, when the Tyger hunteth for his prey, doth he then hide his clawes: Is the Pyrit ſtone then moſt hotte, when it loketh moſt cold? Are men ſo ſubtile, that when they ſeeme moſt holy, they are fartheſt from God? can they vnder the ſhadow of vertue couer the ſubſtance of vanitie, and like Ianus be double faced, to preſent both faith and flattery? I had thought (ſeruant) when I entertained thee for thy courteſie, I ſhould not haue had occaſion to ſhake thee off for thy boldneſſe, nor when I like thee for thy affable ſimplicitie, I ſhould haue miſliked thee for thy ſecret ſubtilty: What, Franceſco, to deſire ſuch a graunt as may, if thou wert wiſe, neither ſtand with thy honeſtie to intend, nor with my honour to effect. Tell me Franceſco, hath either my countenance bin ſo curteous that it might promiſe ſuch ſmall curioſitie, or my loke ſo laſciuious that thou mighteſt hope to finde me ſo lauiſh, or my actions ſo wauering, or my diſpoſition ſo full of vanity, that my honor might ſeeme ſone to be aſſaul-

ted

ted, and sone sacked. If I haue (Francesco) bin faulty in these follies, then will I seek to amend, wherein thou saiest I haue made offence: if not, but that thou thinkest, for that I am a woman, I am easie to be won with promises of loue, and protestations of loyaltie, thou art (swéet seruant) in a wrong bore, & sittest farre beside the cushion: for I passe of my honor more then life, and couet rather to haue the title of honestly, then the dignitie of a diademe: cease then, vnlesse thou wilt surcease to haue my fauor, & content thée with this, that Infida all lowes of thée for loue not for lust, & yet if she should tread her shoe awry, would rather yéld the spoyle of her honor to her seruant, than to the greatest prince of the world. Francesco though he was a nouice in these affaires, and was nipped on the head with this sharpe repulse, yet he was not so to take the showre for the first stonne, nor so ill a woodman to giue ouer the chace at the first default, but that he prosecuted his purpose thus. I am sorrie (faire goddesse of my deuotion) if my presumption hath giuen any offence to my swéete mistresse, for rather then I should but procure a frowne in her forehead, I would haue a déepe wound in my owne hart; coueting rather to suppresse my passions with death, then to disparage my credite with so good a patronesse. Therefore though my destinies be extreme, my affections great, and my loues such as can take no end but in your fauours, yet I rest vpon this, Infida hath commaunded me to cease, and I wil not dare so much as to prosecute my sute, although euery passion should be a purgatorie, and euery dayes denyall a moneths punishment in hell: with that he set downe this period with such a sigh that, as the Parriners say, a man would haue thought al would haue split againe. This cunning Curtizan being afraid, with this checke to haue quatted the queasie stomacke of her louer, desirous to drawe to her that with both handes, which she had thrust awaye with her little finger, began to be pleasant with Francesco thus.

What seruant, are you such a fresh water Souldier, that you faint at the first skirmish? feare not man, you haue not to deale with Mars, but with Venus; and her darts of deniall, as they pricke sharpe, so they pierce little, and thunderbolts doe affright, not preiudice. Feare not man, a womans hart and her tongue, are not relatiues: tis not euer true, that what the hart think-

eth the tongue clacketh. Venus stormes are tempred with Rose-water, and when shée hath the greatest wrinckle in her browe, then hath shée the swéetest dimple in her chinne: be blith man, a faint heart neuer won faire Lady. Francesco hearing his Mistresse thus pleasant, tooke Oportunitie by the forehead, and dealt so with his Infida, that before hée went all was well, shée blusht not, nor he basht, but both made vp their market with a faire of kisses: which simpathy of affections bred the poore Gentlemans ouerthrow; for he was so snared in the wily trammels of her alluring flattery, that neither the remembrance of his Isabel, the care of his childe, the fauours of his friends, or the feare of discredite, could in any wise hale him from that hell, whereinto, through his owne folly, he was fallen.

Where by the way (Gentlemen) let vs note the subtiltie of these Syrens, that with their false harmony perswade, and then preiudice, who bewitch like Calypso, and inchant like Circes, carrying a shew, as if they were Vestals, and could with Amulia carry water in a siue, when they are flat Curtisans, as far from honesty, as they are from deuotion. At the first, they carrie a faire shew, resembling Calisto, who hid her vanities with Dianaes vaile, hauing in their lookes a coy disdain, but in their harts a hot desire, denying with the tongue, and enticing with their lookes, reiecting in words, and alluring in gestures; and such a one (Gentlemen) was Infida, who so plied Francesco with her flattering fawnes, that as the yron followes the Adamant, the straw the Jeat, and the Helitropian the beames of the Sunne, so his actions were directed after her eye, and what shée said stood for a principle, insomuch, that he was not onely ready in all submis humours to please her fancies, but willing for the least word of offence, to drawe his weapon against the stoutest Champion in all Troynouant. Thus seated in her beauty, he liued a long while, forgetting his returne to Caerbrancke, till on a day sitting musing with himselfe, hée fell into a déepe consideration of his former fortunes and present follies: whereupon taking his Lute in his hand, hée sung this Roundelay.

Francesco

Franceſcoes Roundelay.

SItting and ſighing in my ſecret muſe,
As once *Apollo* did, ſurpriſde with loue,
Noting the ſlippery wayes yong yeares do vſe,
What fond affects the prime of youth doth moue,
With bitter teares deſpairing I do cry,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

When wanton age, the bloſſomes of my time,
Drew me to gaze vpon the gorgeous ſight,
That beautie pompous in her higheſt prime,
Preſents to tangle men with ſweet delight,
Then with deſpairing teares my thoughts do cry,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

When I ſurueyde the riches of her lookes,
Whereout flew flames of neuer quencht deſire,
Wherein lay baits that *Venus* ſnares with hookes
Or where prowd *Cupid* ſate all arm'd with fire:
Then toucht with loue my inward ſoule did crie,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

The milke-white *Galaxio* on her browe,
Where loue doth dance *lanoltas* of his skill,
Like to the Temple where true louers vowe,
To follow what ſhall pleaſe their Miſtris will,
Noting her Iuory front: now doe I crie,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

Her face like ſiluer *Luna* in her ſhine,
All tainted through with bright vermilion ſtraines,
Like Lillies dipt in *Bacchus* choyceſt wine,
Powdred and interſeamd with azur'd vaines,
Delighting in their pride; now may I cry,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

The golden wyres that checkers in the day,
Inferior to the treſſes of her haire,
Her Amber trammels did my hart diſmay,
That when I lookt, I durſt not ouer-dare:
Proude of her, now am I forſt to cry,
Woe worth the faults and and follies of mine eye,

Theſe fading beauties drew me vnto ſin,
Natures great riches framde my bitter ruth,
Theſe were the traps that loue did ſnare me in,
Oh theſe, and none but theſe haue wrackt my youth,
Miſſed by them, I may deſpairing cry,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

By theſe I ſlipt from vertues holy tracke,
That leades vnto the higheſt Chriſtall Spheare,
By theſe I fell to vanity and wracke,
And as a man forlorne with ſin and feare:
Deſpaire and ſorrow doth conſtraine me cry,
Woe worth the faults and follies of mine eye.

Although this ſonnet was of his ready inuention, and that hee vttered it in the bitternes of mind, yet after he had paſt ouer his melancholy, and from his ſolitary was fallen into company, hee forgat his pathetical impreſſion of vertue, and like the dog did *redire ad vomitum*, and fell to his owne vomite, reſembling thoſe Grecians, that, with Vlyſſes drinking of Circes drugges, loſt both forme and memorie. Wel, his affaires were done, his horſe ſolde and no other buſineſſe nowe reſted to hinder him from hying home, but his Miſtriſſe, which was ſuch a violent detainer of his perſon, and thoughts, that there is noe heauen but Infidaes houſe, where although he pleaſantly entred in with delight, yet cowardly he ſlipt a way with repentance. Well, leauing him to his new loues, at laſt to Iſabel, who daily expected the comming home of her beſt beloued Franceſco: thinking euery houre a yeare, till ſhe might ſee him, in whom reſted all her content. But when (poore ſoule) ſhe could neither ſee de her ſight with his preſence,

sence, nor his eares with his letters, she began to lowre, & grewe so discontent, that she fell into a feuer. Fortune that meant to try her patience, thought to prowne her with these tragicall newes. It was told her by certaine Gentlemen her friends, who were her husbands priuate familiars, that he meant to soiourn most part of the yeare in Troynouant: one blunt fellow amongst the rest that was plaine and without fallhode, tolde her the whole cause of his residence, how he was in loue with a most beautifull Gentlewoman called Infida, and that so deepely, that no perswasion might reuoke him from that alluring Curtizan. At this Isabell made no account, but toke it as a friuolous tale, and thought the words of such as buzzed such fantasticall follies into her eares: but when the generall report of his demeanors were bruted abroad throughout all Caerbrancke, then with blushing chekes, she hid her face, and grieuing at his follies and her one fortunes, smothered the flames of her sorrowes with inward conceit, but outwardly withstood such inuatirical tearmes as did inueigh against the honestie of Francesco, so that she wonne great commendations of all for her loyaltie and constancy: yet when shee was gotten secret by her selfe, her heart full of sorrowfull passions, and her eyes full of teares, she began to meditate with herselfe of the prime of her youth vowed to Francesco, how she forsoke, Father, friends, and Country, to be a paramour vnto her harts paragon. The vowes he made, when he caried her away in the night, the solemne promises and protestations that were vttered. When she had pondred all these things, then she called to minde Æneas, Demophoon, and Theseus, and matcht them with Dido, Phillis, and Ariadne, and at last, sighed thus: And shall it bee so betweene Isabell and Francesco? No, thinke not so (fond woman) let not iealousie blind thee, whom loue hath indued with such piercing insight: for as there is no content to the swetnesse of loue, so there is no despaire to the preiudice of iealousie: whereupon to shake off all fancies, she toke her Citterne in her hand, and sung this verse out of Arioste.

Che piu felice è piu iocundo stato,
Che viuer piu dolce è piu beato,
Sarui deseruire vno amoroso cuore

Che d'esser in seruitud amore,
Se non fuisse huomo sempre stimulato,
Da quella rio timore, da quella frenezia,
Da quella rabbia, della velozia.

Yet as women are constant, so they are easie to beléeue, especially truth, and so it fell out with Isabell, for shée (poore soule) could take no rest, her head was so troubled with these newes, hammering a thousand humors in her brayne, how shée might know the certainty of his follies, and how shée might reclaime him from his new entertaind affection. She considered with her selfe, that men allure Doues by the beautie of the house, and reclaime Hawkes by the fairenes of the lure, and that loue ioyned with vertue, were able to recall the most straggling Æneas to make sailes againe to Carthage. Tush (quoth shée to her selfe) suppose hée be falne in loue with a curtizan, & that beautie hath giuen him the braue: what, shall I vtterly condemne him? No as he was not the first, so he shall not be the last. What, youth will haue his swinge, the briar wil be full of prickels, the nettle will haue his sting, and youth his amours: men must loue, and will loue, though it be both agaynst law and reason; a croked sien will proue a straight trée, the Iuniper is sower when it is a twig, and swéete when it is a trée: time changeth manners, and Francesco, when he entreth into the condition of a flattering Curtizan, wil forsake her, and returne penitent & more louing to his Isabell. Thus like a good wife she construed all to the best: yet she thought to put him in mind of his returne, and therefore she writ him a letter to this effect.

Isabel to Francesco, health.

IF Penelope longed for her Vlysses, thinke Isabel wisheth for her Francesco, as loyall to thée as she was constant to the wilie Greeke, and no lesse desirous to séethée in Caerbrankes than thée to enioy his presence in Ithaca, watering my chéekes with as many teares, as thée her face with plaints: yet my Francesco, hoping I haue no such cause as thée, to increase her cares,

for

for I haue such resolution in thy constancy, that no Circes with all her inchauntments, no Calypso with all her sorceries, no Syren with all her melodies could peruert thée from thinking on thine Isabel. I know Francesco, so déply hath the faithfull promise and loyal vowes made and interchanged betwéen vs taken place in thy thoughts, that no time how long soeuer, no distance of place, howsoeuer different, may alter that impression. But why do I inferre this néedlesse insinuation to him, that no vanity can alienate from vertue: let me Francesco, perswade thée with other circumstances. First my sweet, thinke how thine Isabell lies alone, measuring the time with sighs, and thine absence with passions, counting the day dismal, and the night ful of sorrowes, being euery way discontent, because she is not content with her Francesco. The onely comfort that I haue in thine absence is thy childe who lies one his mothers knée, and smiles as wantonly as his father when he was a woer. But when the boy sayes, Dam, where is my Dad, when wil he come home? Then the calme of my content, turneth to a present storme of piercing sorrow, that I am forced sometime to say: Vnkinde Francesco, that forgets his Isabell. I hope Francesco, it is thine affaires, not my faults that procureth this long delay. For if I knew my follies did any way offend thée, to rest thus long absent, I would punish my selfe both with outward and inward penance. But howsoeuer, I pray for thy health, and thy spédy returne, and so Francesco farewell.

Thine more then her owne *Isabell.*

SHe hauing finished her letters, conueied thẽ spédily to Troynouant, where they were deliuered to Francesco, who receiuing them with a blush, went into his study, & there vnript the seales with a sigh, perceiuing by the contents that Isabell had an inkling of his vnkinde Loues, which driue him into a great quandary, that déepely entring into the insight of his lascinious life, he began to féele a remorse in his conscience, how grieuously he had offended her that had so faithfully loued him. Oh, quoth hée, shall I be so ingrate as to quittance affection with fraude? So vnkinde as to weigh downe loue with discourtesie? to giue her a wéede that presents me a flower, and to beate her with net-

lles, that perfumes mée with Roses: consider with thy selfe Francesco, how déeply thou dost sin. First thou offendest thy God in chosing so wanton a Goddesse: then thou dost wrong thy wife, in preferring an inconstant Curtizan before so faithfull a Paramour: yet Francesco, thy Harvest is in the grasse, thou mayst stop at the brim, because thou hast neuer touched the bottome. What? men may fall, but to wallow in wickednesse is a double fault. Therefore recall thy selfe, reclaime thy affections: Is not thine Isabell as faire? Oh if she be not, yet is she more vertuous. Is not Isabell so witty as Infida? Oh, but she is more constant, & then art thou so mad, to preferre drosse before gold, a common flint before a choice diamond, vice before vertue, fading beauty before the excellent inward qualities? No, shake off these follies, and say both in mouth and heart, none like Isabell. This he saide by him selfe, but when he went forth of his Chamber, and espied his Mistris loking out at her windowe, all this géere changed, and the case was altered: thee called, and in hée must, and there in a feast scofft at his wives letters, taking his Infida in his armes, and saying, I will not leaue this Troy for the chastest Penelope in the world.

Thus he soothed himselfe in the sweetnesse of his sin, resembling the Leopards that féed on Mariorame while they die, or the people Hyperborei, that sit so long and gaze against the Sunne till they become blind: so he doated on the perfection of Infida till it grew to his vtter preiudice; for no reason could diuert him frō his damned intent, so had he drowned himselfe in the degrées of lust: insomuch that hée counted it no sin to offend with so faire a Saint: alluding to the saying of the holy Father:

Consuetudo peccandi tollit sensum peccati.

Thus did these two continue in the Sympathie of these sins, while *Isabell* rested her at home, content in this, that at last he would be reclaimed, and till then shée would vse patience, séeing *Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.* Wallowing thus in the folds of their owne follies, Fortune that meant to experience the force of loue dealt thus conceitedly. After these two Louers had by the space of three yeares securely slumbred in the sweetnes of their pleasures, and drunk with the surfet of content, thought no other heauen but their owne supposed happines: as euery storm

hath

hath his calme, and the greatest Spring-tide the deadest ebbe, so fared it with Francesco: for so long went the pot to the water, that at last it came broken home, and so long put he his hand into his purse, that at last the empty bottome returned him a writ of *Non est inuentus*: for well might the Diuell daunce there, for euer a crosse there was to kepe him backe.

Well, this louer fuller of passions than of pence, began (when he entred into the consideration of his owne estate) to mourne of the chine, and to hang the lip as one that for want of sounding had stroke himselfe vpon the Sands: yet he couered his inward sorrow with outward smiles, and like Ianus, presented his Mistris with a merry loke, when the other side of his visage was full of sorrowes. But she that was as good as a touch-stone to try mettals, could strait spie by the least where the shoe wringed him: and seeing her Francesco was almost foundred, thought to see if a skilful Farriar might mend him: if not, like an vnthankfull Hackney man, she meant to turne him into the bare Leas, & set him as a tired Iade to picke a Sallet.

Vpon which determination, that she might do nothing rashly, she made inquiry into his estate, what liuings he had, what Lands to sel, how they were, either tied by Statute, or intaild. At last, through her secret and subtile inquisition, she found that all his corne was on ẏ flore, that his sheepe were clipt, & the wool sold: to be short, that what he had by his wife could neither be sold nor mortgaged, and what he had of his owne, was spent vpõ her, that nothing was left for him to liue vpon but his wits. This newes was such a cooling card to this Curtizan, that ẏ extreme heate of her loue was already growne to be luke warme: which Francesco might easily perceiue: for at his arriuall, his welcome was more strange, her lokes more coy, his fare more slender, her glances lesse amorous: and she seemed to be Iasida in proportion but not in wonted passions.

This vncouth disdaine made Francesco maruel, who yet had not entred into her deceits, nor (being simple of himselfe) had euer yet experienst a strumpets subtilty: he imputed therefore his mistresse coinesse to the distemperature of her body, and thought that being not well, it was no wonder though she gaue him the lesse welcome.

Thus poore nouice did he conster euery thing to the best vntil time presented him with the truth of the worst: for in short tyme, his Hostes called for mony, his creditors threatned him with an arrest, his cloathes wart thrée bare, and there was no more coyne in the mint to amend them. Where, vppon a day, sitting in a great dumpe by his Infida, who was as solemne as he was sorrowfull, he burst forth into these spéeches.

I haue read (swéete Loue) in the Aphorismes of Philosophers that heat suppressed is more violent, the streame stopt makes the greater deluge, and passions concealed procure the déper sorrowes. Then if *Contrariorum contraria est ratio*, there is nothinge better than a bosome friend, with whome to confer vppon the iniurie of Fortune. Finding my selfe (Infida) full of Pathemaes as stung to the quicke, inuenomed with the Tarantula of heart-sicke torments, I thinke no medicine fitter for my malady than to bée cured by the musicall harmony of thy friendly counsaile. Know then Infida, that Troynouant is a place of great expence, like the serpent Hidaspis, that the more it sucks, the more it is a thirst, eating men aline as the Crocodile: and béing a place of as dangerous allurement, as the seat where the Syrens sit and chaunt their preiudiciall melody. It is to yong Gentlemen like the Labyrinth, whereout Theseus could not get without a thréed, but he re bée such monstrous Minotaures, as first deuoure the thréed, and then the person. The Innes are like Hothouses, which by little and little sweat a man into a consumption: the Host he carries a pint of wine in the one hand, to welcome, but a poniard in the other to stab: and the Hostes she hath smiles in her forehead, and prouides good meate for her guests, but the sauce is costly, for it farre exceds the cates. If coyne want, then eyther to Limbo, or els clap vp a commoditie (if so much credite be left) where he shall finde such knots, as he will neuer be able, without his vtter preiudice, to vntie. Brokers, I leaue them off, as too course ware to bée mouthed with an honest mans tongue. These Minotaures, faire Infida, haue so eaten me vp in this Labyrinth, as to bée plaine with thée that art my second selfe, I want, and am so farre indebted to the Mercer and mine Hostes, as either thou must stand my friend to disburse so much money for me, or else I must depart from Troynouant, and so

so from thy sight, which how precious it is to me, I refer to thine owne conscience: or for an *Vltimum vale*, take vp my lodging in the Counter, which I know, as it would be vncouth to me, so it would bee greeuefull to thee, and therefore now hangs my welfare in thy will. How loath I was to vtter vnto thee my want and sorrow, measure by my loue who wish rather death then thy discontent.

Infida could scarce suffer him so long a period, and therefore with her forehead full of furrowes, she made him this answer. And would you haue me (sir) buy an ounce of pleasure, with a tunne of mishaps, or reach after repentance with so high a rate? haue I lent thee the blossomes of my youth, & delighted thee with the prime of my yeeres? hast thou had the spoile of my virginitie, and now wouldest thou haue the sacke of my substance? when thou hast withered my person, aymest thou at my welth? No sir, no, know, that for the loue of thee, I haue crackt my credit, that neuer before was staynd. I cannot looke abroade without a blush, nor go with my neighbours without a frump, thou and thy name is euer cast in my dish, my foes laugh, and my friends sorrow to see my follies: wherefore seeing thou beginnest to picke a quarrel, and hereafter, when thine owne base Fortunes haue brought thee to beggary, wilt say that Infida cost thee so many Crownes, and was thine ouerthrowe: auant Nouice, home to thine own wife, who (poore Gentlewoman) sits and wants what thou consumest at Tauerns. Thou hast had my despoyle, and I feare I beare in my belly the token of too much loue I owed thee: Yet content with this discredit, rather then to runne into further extremity, get thee out of my doors, for from henceforth thou shalt neuer bee welcome to Infida. And with that shee flung vp, and went into her Chamber. Francesco would haue made a reply, but shee would not heare him, nor holde him any more chat: Whereupon with a flea in his eare, he went to his lodging, there ruminating on the number of his follies, and the hardnesse of his fortunes, seeing his store great, his coyne little, his credite lesse: weighing how hardly he had vsed his Isabell: at last, leaning his head on his hand, with teares in his eyes, he began to be thus extreamely passionate. Now Francesco, *Piscator ictus sapit*, experience is a true Mistrisse, but shee maketh her schollers

treade

tread vpon thornes, hast thou not leaped into the ditch, which thou hast so grædily desired to reach? Oh now thou seest the difference betweene loue and lust: the one full of contented pleasure, the other of pleasing miseries: thy thoughts were feathered with fancy, & whither did they flie? so far, that they frēd thēselues, and thou rest consumed. Oh Francesco, what are women? If they be honest, Saints, the purity of nature, the excellence of vertue, the perfection of earthly content. But if they be Curtizans and Strumpets, Oh let me breathe before I can vtter the depth of such a monstrous description, they be in shape Angels, but in qualities deuils, painted Sepulchers with rotten bones, their foreheads are Kalenders of mis-fortunes, their eyes like comets, that when they sparkle, foretell some fatall disparagement, they allure with amorous glances of lust, and kil with bitter lookes of hate, they haue dimples in their chēkes to deceiue, and wrinckles in their browes to betray, their lips are like to the hony combs, but who taketh the drops, is impoysoned: they are as clēre as Christall, but bruse them, and they are as infectious as the Diamond, their teares are like the Aconiton that the Hydra wept: they present as Deianira, shirts for presents, but who so puts them on, consumes like Hercules; they lay out the folds of their haire, and intangle men in their tresses, playing the horse-leach, that sucketh while they burst, betweene their breasts is the vale of destruction, and in their beds, oh there is sorrow, repentance, hell, and despaire. They consume man aliue, and ayme at his substance, not his perfection, like Eagles, that onely flie thither where the carion is; they leade men to hell, and leaue them at the gates. To be briefe they are ingratefull, periured, vntrue, inconstant, fleeting, ful of fraud, deceitful, & to conclude in one word, they be the very refuse of natures excrements. Oh Francesco, what a satyrical inuectiue hast thou vttered? I may best (quoth hee) for I haue bought euery principle with a pound, What now rests for thee poore infortunate man? Thou hast yet left a meanes to end all these miseries, and that is this: draw thy rapier, and so die, that with a manly resolution thou mayst preuent thy further misfortunes. Oh although thou hast sinned, yet despaire not, though thou art Anathema, yet prooue not an Atheist, the mercy of God is aboue all his

woꝛks, and repentance is a pꝛetious balme. Home to thy wife, to the wife of thy youth Franceſco, to Iſabell, who with her patience will couer all thy follies: remember this, man, *Nunquam ſera eſt ad bonos mores via.*

Thus he ended, and with very griefe fell in a ſlumber. At this the Palmer bꝛeathed and made a ſtop, & a longer period. His hoſt deſirous to heare out the end of Franceſcoes foꝛtunes, wiſhed him to goe foꝛward in his diſcourſe. Pardon me ſir, quoth the Palmer, the night is late, and I haue trauelled all the day: my belly is full, and my bones would be at reſt: Thereforꝛe, foꝛ this time, let thus much ſuffice, and to moꝛꝛow at our vpꝛiſing, which ſhalbe with the Sun, I will not only diſcourſe vnto you the end of Franceſcoes amours, of his returne home to his wife, and his repentance, but manifeſt vnto you the reaſon why I aymed my pilgrimage to Venice. The gentleman and his wife very loath to be tedious to the good Palmer, were content with his pꝛomiſe: and ſo, taking vp the candle, lighted him to bed, where we leaue him, And therforꝛe, aſſone as it may be, (Gentlemen)

loke foꝛ Franceſcoes further Foꝛtunes, and after that, my Farewell to Follies: and then, adue to amoꝛous Pamphlets.

FINIS.

The ſecond part of Greenes *Neuer too late*

Nunquam ſera eſt ad bonos mores via.

NO ſooner did Phœbus burniſh the heauen with his brightnes, and deckt in a glorious diademe of chriſolites, had mounted him on his Coach to lighten the Lampe that maketh Flora beauteous, but the Palmer was vp, and at his Oriſons, being as deuoute in his thoughts, as he was mindfull of his trauels: walking in the garden all alone, and ſeeing the Sun now peeping out of the Eaſt, he beganne to meditate with himſelfe of the ſtate of man, comparing his life to the lenght of a ſpan or the compaſſe of the Sun, who riſing bright and orient, continueth but his appointed courſe and that oft times ſhadowed with ſo many clouds, and ſtained with a ſable veile of ſuch thick fogs, that he is more darkned with ſtorme, then beautified with light: and if it fortune his ſhine is without blemiſh, yet he ſetteth, that more oft in a folde of cloudes, then in a cléere ſkie: ſo man borne in the pride of beauty or pomp of wealth, be his honors equal with his fortunes, and he as happie as Auguſtus, yet his life hath but his limits, and that clogged with ſo many cares and croſſes, that his daies are more full of miſeries, then of pleaſures: and his diſaſter miſhaps, are more then his proſperous fortunes: but if the ſtars grace him with al fauourable aſpects, and that he liue ful of content, in many honors and much wealth, yet his prime hath his autume, his faire bloſſomes turne to tawny leaues, age will ſhake him by the ſhoulder, and nature will haue his due, that at laſt hée muſt ſet with the Sun, and perhaps in ſuch a cloud of ſinne, as his riſing may be in a ſtormy of ſorrowes. Thus did the Palmer meditate with himſelfe, being penitent for the follies of his youth, that at laſt thinking to be as muſical to himſelfe, as the birds were melodious; he chanted out this Ode.

The penitent Palmers Ode.

Whilome in the winters rage,
A Palmer old and full of age,
Sate and thought vpon his youth,
With eyes teares, and hearts ruth,
Being all with cares y' blent,
When he thought on yeares miſ-ſpent,
When his follies came to minde,
How fond loue had made him blinde,
And wrapt him in a fielde of woes
Shadowed with pleaſures ſhowes,
Then he ſighed, and ſaide alaſſe,
Man is ſinne, and fleſh is graſſe.
I thought my Miſtris haires were gold,
And in her locks my heart I fold:
Her amber treſſes were the ſight,
That wrapped me in vaine delight:
Her Iuory front, her pretty chin,
Were ſtales that drew me on to ſin:
Her ſtarry lookes, her chriſtall eyes,
Brighter then the Sunne s ariſe:
Sparkling pleaſing flames of fire,
Yoakt my thoughts and my deſire,
That I gan cry ere I blin,
Oh her eyes are paths to ſin.
Her face was faire, her breath was ſweet,
All her lookes for loue were meete:
But loue is folly this I know
And beauty fadeth like to ſnow.
Oh why ſhould man delight in pride,
Whoſe bloſſome like a dew doth glide?
When theſe ſuppoſes toucht my thought,
That world was vaine, and beauty nought,
Igan to ſigh, and ſay alaſſe,
Man is ſinne, and fleſh is graſſe.

The palmer hauing ended his Ode, ſate in a great dumpe in the garden, when his Hoſt accompanied with his wife, deſirous

to heare out Francescoes fortune, were come into the place, and gaue him the bon iorno thus: Curteous Palmer, a kind salute to waken you from your mornings meditation: I see you kéepe the prouerb for a principle; to bed with the Bée, and vp with the Larke: no sooner the Sun is in the skie, but you are at your orisons, either ruminating passions, or penance: either some olde remembrance, or some new reuerse. Howsoeuer (gentle Palmer) tis no manners to enter so farre into your thoughts, and therefore leauing your secrets to your selfe, *Come stata la vostra signiori a quest amatina.* The Palmer that had learned a little broken Italian, séeing his honest Host in such a merrie mode, made this answere. *Io stò bonsignior diu merce, ringratiandoui sonnamenti di vostra grande cortesia*, holding it fit for my Fortunes to haue many cares, and little sléepe, that my penance may bée great, sith my sinnes are many: long slumbers are for idle persõs not for penitent Palmers, and swéet dreames are no instances of hartie deuotion: therefore doe I watch with the mouse to argue my selfe miserable, and inioyne my selfe to much paines because I am combred with many passions.

This morning entring into this Garden, I sawe by the workes of nature, the course of the world: for when I saw Floraes glory shut vp in the foldes of Iris frowns, I begamne to consider, that the pride of man, was like the pomp of a flower, that to day glories in the field, and to morrow in the fornace: that wée bée like the flies Hemeræ that take life with the sunne, and die with the dew: that our honors are compared to the blossomes of a Cedar, which vanish ere they begin to burnish, & all our triumphs, like characters written in snow, that printed in a vapour, at the least Sun-shine discouer our vanity, for they are as soone melted, as our pleasures are momentarie. Tied by fates to this tickle state, we haue nothing more certaine than to die, nor nothing more vncertaine, then the houre of death: and therefore when I call to mind the follies of my youth, how they haue béene tickled with vice, I couet in the flower of my yeares, to repent and amend: for.

Nunquam sera est ad bonos mores via.

You doe well sir (quoth the Gentleman) in all your actions to consider the end: for he that fore-repents, foresées many perils:

rils: had I wiſt is a great fault, and after wits are bitten with many ſorrows: therefore, ſuch as grieue at their follies, & couet to preuent dangerous fortunes, they which take an antidote of grace againſt the deadly aconiton of ſinne, and with preſent remorſe preuent enſuing vanities, ſuch indéede, as they liue well, ſhall die bleſſed. But leauing this humor till another time, you may ſée by our early riſing, how my wife and I were delighted with your euenings parlé: for truſt me ſir, deſire of Franceſcoes further fortunes, made vs thus watchful, and therefore ſéing the morning is gray, and our longing great, and yet a good while to breakfaſt, if your leiſure may afford ſo much, I pray you ſitte downe and tell vs what was the end of his loues, and the effects of his repentance. The Palmer very willing to pleaſure his curteous Hoſt, ſate him downe in an Arbour, and began thus.

The Palmers tale of Franceſco.

AS ſoone as Franceſco awakt from his ſlumber, and began to enter further into the conſideratiō of Infidas couſenage, his heart throbd at his follies, and a preſent paſſion of his great miſfortunes ſo payned him, that all perplexed, hé began againe to ſing his former ſong, and to ſay that womens thoghts were like to the leaues of a date trée, that change colors with the wind in a moment, figuring out ſorrow with teares, and in that inſtant deſciphering pleaſure with ſmiles: neither too reſolute with the Stoicks to yéld to no paſſions, nor too abſolute with the Eſſeni to ſurfet with ouermuch chaſtity: their deſires (quoth he) reſemble Æolus forehead that next euery ſtorme containes a calme: their dédes are Almanacks that deſcipher nothing but vncertainetie: either too ſcrupulous with Daphne to contemne all, or too voluptuous with Venus to deſire all: and ſtraight, neither fleſh nor fiſh as the porpoiſe, but time pleaſers, to content thēſelues with varietie of fancies. In this humorous melancholy hé roſe vp & ranged about the city, deſpairing of his eſtate as a man penileſſe and therfore impatient, becauſe he knew not how to redreſſe his miſeries: to rely vpon the help of a Curtizan, he ſaw by experience, was to hang hope in the ayre: to ſtand vpon the fauour of friends, that was bootleſſe: for he had few in the Citty, as béing but a ſtranger there, & ſuch as he had, were won with an Apple;

trencher friends, & therefore to be left with the puffe of the leaſt blaſt of aduerſities. To go home to his wife to faire Iſabel, that was as hard a cenſure as the ſentence of death: for ſhame of his follies made him aſhamed to ſhew his face to a womã of ſo high deſerts. In this perplexitie he paſſed ouer three or foure daies, til his purſe was cleane empty, his ſcore great, & his hoſteſſe would truſt him for no more money, but threatned him, if preſent payment were not made, to lay him in priſon. This newes was hard to Franceſco, that knew not how to auoyd the preiudice, only his refuge was to preuent ſuch a miſfortune to carry his apparell to the brokers, & with great loſſe to make money to pay for his diet; which once diſcharged, he walkt vp & downe as a man forlorne, hauing neither coine nor credit. Neceſſity that ſtingeth vnto the quick, made him ſet his wits on the tenter, & to ſtretch his braines as high as Ela, to ſee how hée could recouer pence to defray his charges by any ſiniſter meanes, to ſalue his ſorrowes: the care of his parents and of his owne honor, perſwading him from making gaine by labor: he had neuer bin brought vp to any mechanicall courſe of life. Thus euery way deſtitute of means to liue, he ſighed out this olde ſaid ſawe, *Miſerrimum eſt fuiſſe beatum*: yet at laſt, as extremities ſearch very far, he called to mind that he was a ſcholler, and that although in theſe daies Art wanted honor, & learning lackt his due, yet good letters were not brought to ſo lowe an ebbe, but that there might ſome profit ariſe by them to procure his maintenance. In this humor he fell in amongſt a company of players, who perſwaded him to try his wit, in writing of Comedies, Tragedies, or Paſtorals: and if he could performe any thing worth the ſtage, then they would largly reward him for his paines. Franceſco glad of this motion, ſéeing a meanes to mitigate the extremity of his want, thought it no dishonor to make gaine of his wit, or to get profit by his pen: and therefore getting him home to his chamber, writ a Comedy, which ſo generally pleaſed all the audience, that happy were thoſe Actors in ſhort time, that could get any of his workes, he grew ſo erquiſite in that facultie. By this meane his want was relieued, his credit in his hoſts houſe recouered, his apparell in greater brauerie then it was, and his purſe well lined with crownes.

At this diſcourſe of Franceſco, the Gentleman toke his gueſt

by

by the hand, and broke off his tale thus. Now gentle Palmer, seeing we are fallen by course of prattle to parlee of playes, if without offence, doe me that fauour to shew me your iudgement of playes, play-makers, & players. Although (quoth the Palmer) that some for being too lauish against that faculty, haue for their satyricall inuectiues bin wel canuased: yet seing here is none but our selues, & that I hope what you heare shall be trodden vnder foote, I will flatly say what I can, both euen by reading, and experience. The inuention of Comedies were first found amongst the Grecks, and practised at Athens: some thinke by Menander, whome Terence so highely commends in his Heauton-timorumenon. The reason was, that vnder the couert of such pleasant, & Comicall euents, they aymed at the ouerthrow of many vanities that then reigned in the citie: for therein they painted out in the persons the course of the world, how either it was graced with honor, or discredited with vices: there might you see leuelled out the vaine life that boasting Thrasos vse, smothed vp with the selfe conceipt of their owne excellence; the miserable estate of couetous parents that rather let their sons taste of any misfortune than to reaue them with the superfluity of their wealth: the portraiture of parasitical friends, which soth yong Gentlemen subtilly in their follies, as long as they may: *Ex eorum sullo viuere*, was set out in liuely colours. In those Comedies the abuse of Bawds that made sale of honest virgins, and liued by the spoyle of womēs honors, was deeply discouered; to be short, Lechery, Couetousnes, Pride, self-loue, disobedience of Parents, and such vices predominant both in age and youth were shot at, not only with examples & instances to feede the eye, but with golden sentences of morall workes, to please the eare. Thus did Menander win honor in Greece with his workes, and reclaime both old and yong from their vanities by the pleasant effects of his Comedies. After him this faculty grew to be famous in Rome, practised by Plautus, Terence, and other that excelled in this qualitie, all ayming as Menander did, in all their workes to suppresse vice, & aduance vertue. Now so highly were Comedies estéemed in those daies, that men of great honor & graue account were the Actors, the senate and the consuls continually present, as auditours at al such sports, rewarding the Author with rich rewards, according

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to the excellencie of the Comedie. Thus continued this faculty famous till couetousnesse crept into the qualitie, and that meane men greedy of gaines did fall to practise the acting of such plaies, and in the Theatre presented their Comedies but to such onely as rewarded them well for their paines: when thus Comedians grew to be mercenaries, then men of account left to practise such pastimes, and disdained to haue their honors blemisht with the staine of such base and vile gaines: insomuch that both comedies and Tragedies grew to lesse account in Rome, in that the free sight of such sports was taken away by couetous desires: yet the people (who are delighted with such nouelties & pastimes) made great resort, paide largely, & highly applauded their doings, in so much, that the Actors by continuall vse, grew not only excellent, but rich, and insolent. Amongst whom in the daies of Tully, one Roscius grew to be of such exquisite perfection in the faculty, that he offered to contend with the Orators of that time in gesture, as they did in eloquence, boasting that he could expresse a passion in as many sundry actions, as Tully could discourse it in variety of phrases: yea so prowd he grew by the daily applause of people, that he loked for honor and reuerence to be done him in the streets: which selfe conceit when Tully entred into with a piercing insight, he quipt at in this maner.

It chanced that Roscius and he met at dinner, both guests vnto Archias the Poet, where the proud Comedian dared to make comparison with Tully: which insolence made the learned Orator to grow into these teames: why Roscius art thou proud with Æsops Crow, being pranct with the glory of others feathers: of thy selfe thou canst say nothing, & if the cobler hath taught thee to say, Aue Cæsar, disdain not thy tutor because thou pratest in a kings chamber: what sentence thou vttrest on the stage, flowes from the censure of our wits, and what sentence or concept of thy inuention the people applaud for excellent, that comes from the secrets of our knowledge. I grant your action, though it be a kinde of mechanicall labour, yet well done tis worthy of praise: but you worthlesse, if for so smal a toy you ware prowd. At this Roscius wart red, and bewrayed his imperfection with silence: but this checke of Tully, could not keepe others from the blemish of that fault, for it grew to a generall vice among the Actors, to

excell

excel in pride, as they exceded in excellencie, & to braue it in the ſtreets, as they brag it on the ſtage: ſo that they reueld it in Rome in ſuch coſtly roabes, that they ſeemed rather men of great patrimonie, then ſuch as liued by the fauor of the people. Which Publius Seruilius very well noted, for he being the ſonne of a Senator, and a man very baliant, met on a day with a Player in the ſtreets richly apparelled, who ſo farre forgat himſelfe, that hee toke the wall of the young noble man; which Seruilius taking in diſdaine, countercheckt with this frump: my friend (quoth hee) be not ſo brag of thy ſilken roabes, for I ſaw them but yeſterday make a great ſhew in a brokers ſhop. At this the one was aſhamed, and the other ſmild, and they which heard the quip, laught at the folly of the one, and the wit of the other. Thus ſir haue you heard my opinion briefly of playes, that Menander deuiſed them for the ſuppreſſing of vanities, neceſſary in a common wealth, as long as they are vſed in their right kind: the playmakers worthy of honour for their Art: and players, men deſerning both praiſe and profite, as long as they war neither couetous, nor inſolent. I haue cauſed you ſir (quoth the gentleman) to make a large digreſſion; but you haue reſolued me in a matter that I long doubted of, and therefore I pray you, againe to Franceſco. Why then thus quoth the Palmer, after he grew excellent for making of Comedies, he wart not onely braue, but full of Crownes: which Infida hearing of, & hauing intelligence what courſe of life he did take, thought to caſt forth her lure to reclaime him, though by her vnkindnes he was prooued haggard: for ſhee thought that Franceſco was ſuch a tame fole, that he would be brought to ſtrike at any ſtale, decking her ſelfe therefore as gorgiouſly as ſhe could, painting her face with the choice of all her drugs, ſhe walked abroad where ſhe thought Franceſco vſed to take the aire: Loue & Fortune ioyning in league, ſo fauored her, that according to her deſire ſhe met him. At which incounter, I geſſe, more for ſhame thē loue, ſhe bluſht: and fild her countenance with ſuch repentant remorſe (yet hauing her lokes full of amorous glaunces) that ſhe ſeemed like Venus, reconciling her ſelfe to froward Mars. The ſight of Infida was pleaſing in the ſight of Franceſco, and almoſt as deadly as the Baſiliſke: that had he not had about him Moly as Vlyſſes, hee had beene inchanted by the charmes of that lyly

Circes: but the abuse so stuck in his stomack that she had proferd him in his extremitie, that he returned all her glaunces with a frowns, and so parted. Infida was not amated with his angry mode, as one that thought loues fornace of force to heat the coldest Amatist, and the swéet words of a woman as able to draw on desire, as the Syrens melody the passengers. What (quoth shée) though for a while he be cholerick, Beauty is able to quench the flame, as it sets harts on fire: as Helens faults angred Paris, so her fauours pleased Paris: though she were false to Menelaus, yet her faire made him broke her follies: Women are priuiledged to haue their words & their wils, and whom they kil with a frowne, they can reuiue with a smile. Tush Francesco, is not froward, but he may be wonne, he is no Saturnist to beare anger long, hée is sone hot, and sone cold, cholerick and kind harted: who though he be scolded away with bitter wordes, hée will be reclaimed againe with swéet kisses: a womans teares are Adamant, and men are no harder then Iron, and therefore may hée drawne to pittie their passions. I wil faine, flatter, and what not, to get againe my Francesco: for his purse is ful, & my coffers war empty. In this humor taking pen and paper, she wrot a letter to him to this effect.

Infida to *Francesco* what he wants in health or wealth.

IF my outward penance (Francesco) could discouer my inward passions, my sighs bewray my sorrowes, or my countenance my miseries, then should I seeke the most desolate of all, as I am most distrest of all, and the furrows in my face be numberlesse, as thy griefes of my hart are matchlesse. But as the feathers of the Halciones glister most against the sorest storme, and Nylus is most calme against a deluge, so the sorrowes of my mind are so great, that they smother inwardly, though they make no outward apperance of mishap. All these miseries Francesco grow frō the consideration of mine own discourtesie, for when I thinke of thy constancy, thy faith, thy feature, & thy beauty: and weigh with my selfe how all these vowed vnto Infida, they were lost by the disloialty of Infida, I call it in question, whether I had better despayre and die, or in hope of thy fauour, linger out my life. Penance of frée will, merits pardons of course, and griefs that grow from remorse

more, deserue to be salued with ruth: I confesse Francesco, that I wronged thée, & therfore I am wrong at the hart: but so doth the Idæa of thy perfection, and the excellence of thy vertues frame a restlesse passion in my heart, that although thou shouldst vow to loath me, I cannot cease to loue thée. Oh, consider women haue their faults, & act that in an houre, they repent all their life after. Though Mars & Venus brabled, they were friends after brawls, for a Louers iarre ought not to be a perpetual discord, but like a sun-shine shower, that be it neuer so sharp, is accoûted no storm: forgiue & forget Francesco then hartily, that I repent so dæpely: grace thy Infida againe with one smile, ease her impatient passions with thy swéet presence: & assure thy self she wil satisfie with loue, what she hath offended with folly. Bones that are brokē, & after set againe, are the more stronger: Where the Bæch trée is cut, there it growes most hard: reconciled friendship is the swætest amity. Then be friends with thy Infida: looke on her, & but visit her: and if she win not thy loue with her words, & shew her selfe so penitent that thou shalt pardon, then let her perish in her owne misfortunes, and die for want of thy fauour. Farewel.

Thine euer despairing Infida.

THis letter she sealed vp, and sent it by a secret friend to Francesco, who at the first, knowing from whence it came, would scarcely receiue it: yet at last willing to heare what humour had made the Curtizan write vnto him, he broke ope the seales, and read the former contents: which when he had throughly perused, he found himselfe perplexed: for the cunning of her flattery made the poore man passionate, insomuch that sitting downe with the letter in his hand, he began thus to meditate with himself: Why dost thou vouchsafe Francesco to looke on her letters that is so lewd, to view her lines that are powdred with flattery, to heare her charmes that sékes thy preiudice, to listen to such a Calipso that aimes only at thy substance, not at thy person?

While thou wert poore, her forehead was ful of frownes, & in her loks sat the storms of disdain: but whē she sées thou hast feathered thy nest, and hast crowns in thy purse, she would play the Horse-leach to suck away thy wealth: and now would she be thy harts gold, while she left thée not one dram of gold. Oh Francesco,

co, she hides her clawes, but lokes for her prey with the Tyger, she weepes with the Crocodile, and smiles with the Hiena, and flatters with the Panther, and vnder the couert of a sugred bait, shrowdes the intent of thy bane. Knowest thou not that as the Marble drops against rayne, so their teares fore point mischiefe, that the fauours of a Curtizan are like the songs of the Grashopper, that euer foretell some fatall disparagement.

Beware then Francesco. (*Piscator ictus sapit*) she hath once burnt thée, feare fire with the child, she hath croste thée with disdaine, couet not with desire: hate her: for in lothing such a one thou louest thy God. Return not with the dog to thy vomit, wallow not with swine in the mire, forsée not the best, and follow the worst. And yet Francesco, trust me, she is faire, beautifull, and wise: I but with that a Curtizan: perhaps shée will now loue thée faithfully, if shée do, fond man, is not her hartie liking hatefull lust: dangerous to the body, and damnation to the soule. Tis a saying not so common as true, that hée which loketh continually against the Sun, shall at last bée blind, that whoso handleth pitch, must néeds be defiled, the trée that abideth many blasts, at last falleth by the Carpenters axe, the bird that striketh at euery stale, cannot long escape the snare, so long goeth the pitcher to the broke, that at last it comes broken home: and he that securely swimmeth in sinne, shall surely be drowned in iniquity, who so bindeth two sinnes together, shall neuer bée reuenged in the one, and hée that delighteth to offend in youth, shal no doubt féele the punishment. *Quod differtur non aufertur.* Though God for a time suffer a man to wallow in his own wickednesse, & to say vnto his soule, Fush, the Lord regardeth not the way of sinners, nor suspecteth the mildœds of men, he is slow to wrath, & prone to pittie, yet the Lord at last loketh down from heauen, and reuengeth al his grieuous sins with a heauie plague, yea hée roteth him out from the face of the earth, and his place is no more séene. Consider then Francesco, if the Lord suffer thée in thine iniquity, and deferre present punishment, it is because thy mercy may séeme the more, and thy sin the greater. Hée that hath the dropsie, drinketh while he bursteth, and yet not satisfied: the Horse-leach hath two daughters that neuer cry, enough: who so is stung with the serpent Dipsas, burneth, but can neuer be colde; and whoso is inflamed with sin,

thirsteth

thirſteth continually after wickednes, vntill he hath supped the dregs of Gods displeasure, to his owne destruction. Beware by this, fall not into the trap, when thou seest the traine: for knowing the sinne, if thou offendest against thy owne conscience, the Lord will send vpon thee, cursing, trouble, and shame in all thou settest thy hand vnto, and will not cease to reuenge, vntill thou perish from off the face of the earth. Oh, hast thou not at home an Isabell, that is the wife of thy youth, and the only friend of thy bosome, indued with such exquisite beauty, & exceeding vertue, that it is hard to iudge, whether the pure complexion of her body, or the perfect constitution of her mind holds the supremacy? And is not a peaceable woman and of a good heart, the gift of the Lord? There is nothing so much worth, as a woman well instructed, a shamefast and faithfull woman is a double grace: and there is no treasure to be compared to her continent mind: but as the glistering beames of the sunne when it riseth, decketh the heauen: so the beauty of a good wife adorneth the house: and as golde pillars do shine vpon the sockets of siluer, so doth a faire face in a vertuous minde. Shal the feare of God then Francesco be so farre from thine eyes, as to leaue thy own wife, and imbrace a Curtizan, to leaue the law of God, and suffer thy heart to be subuerted by lust? The Lyon so abhorreth this crime, as he killeth the lyoneſſe, for committing this fact. The Storke neuer medleth but with his mate. The Iacinth stone wil not be worne on the finger of an adulterer, nor the Oliue grow, if planted by one that leadeth his life in vnlawfull lusts: and wilt thou shew thy selfe more careles in this crime than brute beasts? more retchlesse then vnreasonable creatures? more senceleſſe than stones? yea far leſſe in vertue than a man? and far more in vice than a beast? Then will the Lord lok down from heauen, and plague thee with a heauy curse. At this clause standing a great while in a maze, at the last hee kept to his standish, and wrote this answer.

Francesco wisheth to Infida, remorse of conscience, and regard of honesty.

I Haue read thy letters Infida, wherein I hoped to haue found more honesty and leſſe vanity, a signe of better thoughts and lines of more remorse: else had I left them sealed, as I couet to leaue thee vnseene. But I perceiue, as no time wil alter the pan-

ther from his spots, the mouse from her feate, nor the tigre from his fiercenes: so neither date nor reason will change the conditions of a Curtizan. Thou writest thou hast not liberty enough to sin, enioyned by some ouerthwart neighbour to bee more honest than thou wouldest be; which is as great penance to one of thy trade, as a long pilgrimage to a sorrowfull Palmer. A teare in a strumpts eye, is like heate drops in a bright sunshine: as much to be pitied, as the Crocodile whē she weeps: a Curtizans laughter is like to lightning, that beautifies the heauen with a blaze, but foreruns stormes and thunder. Art thou in loue with Francesco? marry gep Giglet, thy loue sits on thy tongs end, ready to leape off as son as thy mouth opens, and thine honestly hangs at thine eye, which fals away with euery winke: thou art inueigled with my beautie, that is, because thou hearest I haue a rich purse, not a faire face: for thou valuest as much of beauty without pence as a horse of a faire stable without prouender. Thou art entised by my vertues: I wonder how that word vertue comes in thy mouth, when is is so farre from thy hart; and yet no maruel, for the most infectious serpents haue sweetest breaths, and commonest Curtizans, the most curteous speeches.

Thou wouldest haue me grace thee with my presence, and renue our old friendship: so I will, when I meane to giue my body to the Chirurgion, and my soule to the diuel; for in louing thee I must needs graunt this Legacy. Thy reason is, that bones once brokē, united againe, are the strongest: I would thy necke might make the experience, and then I would trust the instance. But why pester I so much paper to so lewd a person? as I found thee at the first, I leaue thee at the last, euen empty gorged to bait at a full purse, incontinent, false, periured, as far from God, as thou art friend to the diuell. And so adue.

Francesco penitent, and therefore a persecutor to Curtizans.

After he had written this letter, he sent it to Infida, who reading it, and seeing she could get no fauour at the hands of Francesco: that wrought she neuer so subtilly, yet her trains were discouered, that her painted lures could not make him stop, so had he with reason refelled his former folly: whē she perceiued I say) that all her sweet potions were found to be poisons, though

she

ſhe couered them neuer ſo clarkly: ſhe fel not in deſpaire, with ouermuch loue, but ſwore in her ſelf to intend him ſome ſecret preiudice, if euer it lay in her by any meanes to procure it: but leaning her to the iuſtice of him that poyſeth the deeds of ſuch impenitent perſons in his ballance, and committing Franceſco to the making of ſome ſtrange Comedy, I will ſhew you how Fortune made an aſſault to the vnfained affection of faire Iſabell.

The diſcourſe of *Iſabels* Fortunes.

ISabell liuing thus penſiue, in that ſhée wanted the preſence of Franceſco, yet for her patience and vertue, grew ſo famous, that all Caerbrancke talked of her perfections: her beautie was admired of euery eye, her qualities applauded in euery mans eare, that ſhée was eſteemed for a patterne of vertuous excelleuce throughout the whole Citty. Amongſt the reſt that cenſured of her curious fauors, there was one Signior Bernardo, a Burgomaſter of the Citty, who chancing on a time to paſſe by the doore where Iſabell ſoiourned, ſéeing ſo ſwéet a Saint, began to fall enamoured of ſo faire an obiect: and although he was olde, yet the fire of luſt crept into his eyes, and ſo inflamed his heart, as with a diſordinate deſire he began to affect her: but the renowne of her chaſtity was ſuch, that it almoſt quatted thoſe ſparks that heated him on to ſuch lawleſſe affection. But yet when he calld to mind that want was a great ſtumbling blocke, and ſawe the neceſſitie that Iſabell was in, by the abſence of Franceſco, hée thought golde would be a ready meanes to gaine a womans good wil, and therfore deſpaired not of obtaining his purpoſe. After that this Signior Bernardo had obſerued the exquiſite perfection of her body, & how ſhe was adorned with moſt ſpeciall gifts of nature, hée was ſo ſnared with the fetters of laſciuious concupiſcence, as reaſon could not redreſſe what luſt had ingrafted: his aged yéeres yéelded vnto vanity, ſo he turned away his mind from God, not daring to lift vp his eies to heauen, leſt it ſhould be a witneſſe of his wickednes, or a corraſiue to his guilty conſcience: for the remembrance of God is a terror to the vnrighteous, and the ſight of his creatures is a ſting to the minde of the reprobate. Hée therefore féeling his diuelliſh heart to be perplexed with ſuch helliſh paſſions, careleſly caſt off the feare of God from before his eies, neither remembring that he was an Elder to giue good counſel, nor

a Iudge

a Iudge in the city, to minister right: his hoary haires could not hale him from sinne, nor his calling conuert him from filthinesse, but he greedily drunk vp the dregs of vnrighteousnesse, and carefully busied his braines to oppresse the simple, and to obtaine his purpose, layd his plot thus. Being the chiefe Burgomaister in all the citty, hee determined to make a priuy search for some suspected person: and being maister of the watch himselfe, to go vp into her chamber, and there to discouer the depth of his desire, so he thought to ioyne loue and opportunity in one vnion, and with his office and his age, to wipe out all suspition. Age is a crowne of glory when it is adorned with righteousnesse, but the dregs of dishonor when it is mingled with mischiefe: for honourable age consisteth not in the terme of yeares, nor is not measured by the date of a mans daies, but godly wisdome, is the gray haire, and an vndefiled life is the old age. The Herbgrace the older it is, the ranker smell it hath: the Sea-starre is most blacke being old: the Eagle the more yeares, the more crooked is her bil: and the greater age in wicked men, the more vnrighteousnesse: which this Segnior Bernardo tried true: for desire made him hate delay, and therefore within two or three nights, picking out a watch answerable to his wish, he himselfe (as if it had bin some matter of great import) went abroad, and to colour his folly with the better shadow, he searched diuers houses, & at last came to the place where *Isabell* lay, charging the Host to rise and to shew him her chamber, for (quoth he) I must confer with her of most secret affaires. The goodman of the house obeyed willingly, as one that held Bernardo in great reuerence, and brought him and the watch to the chamber dore. Bernardo taking a candle in his hand, bade them all depart, till he had talked with the Gentlewoman; which they did: and hee entring in shutting the dore, found her fast asleepe, which sight draue the old Lecher into a maze: for there seeing nature in her pride, lust inueagled him the more, that he sate on the bed side a great while viewing of her beauty: at last starting vp, he awakt her out of a sweet slumber. Isabell waking vp, and seeing one of the Burgomaisters in the Chamber, (for Bernardo was knowne for his grauity & wealth of euery one in the Citty) she was amazed, yet gathering her wits together, raysing her vp on her pillow, shee did him all the dutifull reuerence shee

might

might, wondring what wind ſhould driue him into that place: at laſt the old Churle began to aſſaile her thus.

Bernardoes diſcourſe to *Iſabell.*

BE not amazed (faire Gentlewoman) to ſée me thus ſodainly and ſecretly arriued, neither let my preſence appall your ſenſes: for I come not cruelly as a foe, but curteouſlie as a friend. If my comming ſéeme ſtrange, the cauſe is as ſtraight; & where neceſſity forceth, there it is hard to ſtriue againſt the ſtreame; he that ſéeketh to ſway againſt his owne will, oftentimes kicketh againſt the prick: and he that ſtriueth to withſtand loue, hoppeth againſt the hill. Theſe things conſidered (Miſtris Iſabel) if I offend in being too bold, your beauty ſhall beare the blame, as the onely cauſe of this enterpriſe: for to omit all circumſtances, & to come to the matter. So it is, that ſince firſt mine eye fed of your ſwéet fauor, I haue béene ſo perplexed with the paſſions of loue, & haue béene ſo déeply drowned in the deſire of your perſon, that there is no torment ſo terrible, no paine ſo pinching, no woe ſo grieuous, as the griefe that hath griped me ſince I burnt in loue of your ſwéet ſelfe: ſith therefore my liking is ſuch, let my liking be repaide again with loue, let my firme fancy be requited with mutual affection, and in lieu of my good wil, conſent vnto me and be my Paramour. That ſin which is ſecretly committed, is half pardoned, ſhée liueth chaſtly enough that liueth charily. The chamber doore is ſhut, no mã either can detect vs of any crime, or dare ſuſpect vs of any folly. The credit which I carry in the Citty ſhall be ſufficient to ſhrowde you from ſhame: my office will be able to defend you from miſtruſt, & my gray haires a pumice ſtone to race out all ſuſpition, and by this ſmall offence (Iſabel) thou ſhalt both content mée, and purchaſe to thy ſelfe ſuch a dutifull friend, as in al ſeruice thou maiſt command, not onely ready to countenance thée with his credit, but to furniſh all thy wants with his coyne: for what treaſure and gold I haue, ſhall be thine to vſe. Iſabel hearing this ſubtile ſerpent to breathe out ſuch wily reaſons, wondred to ſée a man of his calling ſo blinded with the vaile of laſciuious luſt, as to blaſpheme ſo diuelliſhly againſt his owne conſcience, inſomuch, that for a good ſpace ſhe ſate aſtoniſhed, vntil at laſt gathering her wits together, ſhe burſt forth in-

to these spæches.

Isabels reply to *Bernardo*.

THis a saying (Signior Bernardo) both old and true, that whoso sinneth against his Conscience, sinneth against his owne soule: and he that knoweth the law, and wilfully disobeyeth, is worthy to be beaten with many stripes: which sentence of holie Writ I wish you to consider, and it will bee a sufficient coling carde to your inordinate desire. Hath God placed you as a Burgomaster of this City, and so a Judge ouer his people to punish sinne, and will you maintaine wickednesse? Is it your office to vphold the Law, and will you destroy it? Nay, are you commanded to cut off this sinne with infamie, and yet will you perswade a woman to defile her husbands bed? Is it your duty to driue vs from all vncleane lust, and will you draw me to such folly? Is this the office of a Burgomaister? or beseemeth such thoughts to the minde of an Elder? doth the summons of death appeare in your gray head, & yet fleshly desires reigne in your heart? Doth thine old age impart a clære conscience, and your inward appetite fraught with concupiscence? Oh how pleasant a thing is it where greyheaded men minister iudgement, and the Elders can giue good counsell! but how perilous a thing is it for the Ruler to be vnrighteous, or the Judge of the people to delight in sinne? Such a man shall haue coales heaped vpon his head, & the wrath of the Lord shall consume his heritage. Three sortes of men the Lord hates, and he vtterly abhorres the life of them, a poore man that is proud, a rich man that is a liar, and an old adulterer that doats, and is vnchaste. Hast thou then (Signior Bernardo) so sold thy selfe vnto sinne, and sworne to worke wickednes, that thou wilt prefer fading pleasure before lasting paine: and for the fulfilling of thy filthy lust, purchase perpetuall damnation? But put case I were so careless of mine honor and honesty, to yælde to thy request, should not thy selfe be a witnesse of my disloyaltie? would not mine owne workes cric out for vengance to plague my wickednesse? yes, no doubt, after thou hast glutted thy fancy with the loathsomnesse of the sinne, and the spirit of man had toucht thy heart with the pricke of the offence, thou wouldest both detest me as a mirrour of immodesty, and account me for euer as a common harlot: for the Lord suffereth not the wicked

to

to goe vnrewarded. She (saieth the Wiseman) thats common, and not content in her loue, yéelding that which is proper to her husband vnto the possession of an other man, disobeyes the Law, makes breach of her plighted troth, and lastly, playes the whore in most hellish adultery: her children shall not take roote, nor her branches bring forth no fruit, her name shallbe forgotten. And shall I then, knowing this, wilfully worke mine owne woes?

Shall I repay the troth my husband reposeth in me, with such trechery? Shal such guileful discurtesie be a guerdon for his good will? No, the feare of God is a fortresse against such follies: the loue that I beare to my husband, is a shield to fence me from such shameleste fancy: and the care of mine owne honor is a conserue against such lawlesse concupiscence. Whereas you say that sinne secretly committed is halfe pardoned, & that she liueth *caſté* that liueth *caute*: that the chamber doore is shut, that no man can espie our follie, and the place so secret that the offence cannot be preiudiciall to my good name, I answere, that I more eschéme the wrath of God, than the words of men: that I dread more to commit such a fact before the sight of the Almighty, then before the eies of all the world.

Man iudgeth but the body, but God the soul: the one being but a small pinch, the other a perpetual paine. He that breaketh wedlocke, and thinketh thus in his heart, who séeth mée? the misty clouds haue couered me, and I am compassed about with a fog, of darknes: my offence shall not bée an obiect to any mans eyes, neither can my doing be discerned, for I am shrowded within the wals, whom néede I to feare: and as for the Lord hée is mercifull, and will not remember any mans sinnes: he is slow vnto wrath, and promiseth spéedily to pardon the faults of the wicked: Such a one as feareth more the eye of mortal man than the sight of an immortal God, and knoweth not that the lokes of the Lord are ten thousand times brighter then the beames of the sunne, beholding the very thoughts of men, and searching the hart and the reines, the same man shal be punished with earthly plagues, he shal sodainely be taken in his owne trap, and shal fall before the face of euery man, because he preferred his owne pleasure before the feare of the Lord. But alas, it is vnfit for the young fawn to lead the old buck: for a blind man to be guide to him that

hath his sight: and as vnmete for a simple woman to instruct a Burgomaister and Elder of the Citty. Is it my part to exhort you vnto vertue, or rather, is it not your dutie to perswade me from vice? but I hope this proffer is but a tryall to make proofe of mine honestie, and to sifte out my secret intent: if otherwise, your will and your wordes be one, cease your suite, for you may long gape, and yet neuer gaine that you looke for. Signior Bernardo hearing Isabell so cunningly to confute his conclusiue arguments, seeing she had infringed their reasons by the power of the law, thought to wrest her vpon a higher pinne, and to lay such a blot in her way, as she should hardly wipe out: for although he knew she did rightly refel his folly, & partly perceiued her counsaile coled the extreme of his desires, yet the feare of God was so far from him, that he prosecuted his intent thus.

Seignior Bernardoes answer to Isabels reply.

WHy Isabel (said he) thinkest thou thy painted speeches, or thy hard denials shall preuaile against my pretended purpose? No, he is a coward that yeelds at the first shote, and he not worthy to weare the bud of beauty that is daunted with the first repulse. I haue the tree in my hand, & mean to inioy the fruit; I haue beaten the bush, and now will not let the birds flie, & sith I haue you heere alone, your sterne lookes shall stand for no sterling: but if you consent, be assured of a most trusty friend, if not, hope for no other hap but open infamy. For thou knowst Isabel, that a womans chiefest treasure is her good name, and that shee which hath cracht her credite is halfe hanged, for death cuts off all miseries, but discredite is the beginning of all sorrowes.

Sith then infamy is worse than losse of life, assure thy selfe, I will sting thee to the quick, for I wil presently send thee to prison, and cause some ruffin in the city to sweare, that since the absence of thy husband Francesco, he hath laine with thee, and for coyne vsed thee as his concubine: so shall I blemish thine honour: tie thee to some open punishment, and make thee a laughing stocke to the world, odious to thy friends, and to liue hated of thy husband: mine office and authority, my age and honour shall shadow my pretence, and helpe greatly to frame thy preiudice. Seeing then (faire Isabell) thou shalt by consent keepe the report of thy chastity, and by deniall gaine shame and reproch, shew thy

selfe

ſelfe a wiſe-woman, and of two euils chuſe the leaſt.

Iſabel hearing the miſchieuous pretence of this ſubtil letcher, and ſéeing he had ſo cunningly laide the ſnare that ſhée could not auoyd the trap, but either ſhe muſt incur the danger of the body, or the deſtruction of the ſoule, was ſo driuẽ into ſuch a paſſionat dilemma, that ſhe burſt forth into teares, ſighs, & plaints, which ſhẽ blubbred forth on this wiſe. Alas (ſaid ſhe) moſt vile & vniuſt wretch, is the feare of God ſo farre from thy mind, that thou ſéekeſt, not onely to ſacke mine honor, but to ſucke my blood? Is it not iniury enough that thou ſéekeſt to ſpoyle my honeſty, but that you long to ſpil my life? hath thy ſwéet loue pretended ſuch bitter taſte? Is this the fruit of your fained fancie? No doubt the cauſe muſt bée pernitious when the effect is ſo peſtilent. Flatter not your ſelfe in this thy folly, nor ſoth not thy thoughts in thy ſins, for there is a God that ſéeth and will reuenge, and hath promiſed that whoſo binds two ſins together, ſhall not be vnpuniſhed in the one. But what auaileth it to talke of wiſedom to a fole? or of the wrath of God to a wilfull reprobate? The Charmer charme he neuer ſo wiſely, charmes in vaine, if the Adder be deafe: and he caſteth ſtones againſt the winde that ſéekes to draw the wicked from their folly: let me therefore (poore ſoule) more narrowly conſider mine owne caſe, I am perplexed with many doubtful paſſions, and gréeuous troubles aſſaile me on euery ſide. If I commit this crime, though neuer ſo ſecretly, yet the Lord is *Carditgnoſtes*, & pierceth into the very thoughts, and mine owne conſcience will be a continuall witneſſe againſt me of this wickednes: *Stipendium peccati mors*: then what other hap can I hope for, but perpetuall damnation, ſith God himſelfe hath promiſed to bée a ſwift witneſſe againſt all wilfull adulterers? If I conſent not vnto this vnrighteous wretch, I am like to be vniuſtly accuſed of the like crime, and ſo ſhall I, being guiltleſſe, haue my honor euer blemiſht with infamy. By this meanes, what a diſcredite ſhall I bring to my parents, to my huſband, and my children: the hoary haires of my Father ſhall bée brought with ſorrow vnto the graue, Franceſco ſhall be aſhamed to ſhew his face in the ſtréets of the Citty, and my poore babes ſhall bée counted as the ſéede of an harlot, and yet alas I my ſelfe altogether faultleſſe. Why, my ſecret offence ſhall preuent all this open ſhame:

The Lord is ſlow to wrath, and his mercy exceeds al his works: Hée witheth not the death of a ſinner: and hearty repentance pacifieth his diſpleaſure. But O vile wretch that I am, why do I blaſpheme thus againſt the Lord & his law? Why do I breathe out theſe helliſh ſpéeches: can I ſay, I wil repent at my pleaſure? Or ſhal I therefore ſinne, in hope, becauſe the Lord is merciful? No, no, it is better for me to fall into thy hands, and not commit the offence, then to ſinne in the ſight of the Lord. Shal I not rather feare God than man? and dread him more that killeth both ſoule and body, than him that hath power to kil the body onely? Yet his feare ſhall bée thy defence. And with that ſhe raiſed her ſelfe vp, ſpitted in his face, wiſhing him to doe his worſt: wherevpon he called vp the watch, and commaunded her to make her ready, for ſhe ſhould to priſon. Her hoſt wondring what the cauſe ſhould bée, as a man priuie to her actions, and the vertue of her life, would haue giuen his word for her, that ſhé ſhould the next day anſwere whatſoeuer ſhould bée obiected againſt her: but his word would not be taken, for Bernardo was ful of fury, and carried her away to priſon: where déeply grieued, & yet ſmothering her ſorrow with patience, ſhée lay the reſt of the night: the next morrow, as ſone as the day brake, ſhe cald for pen and incke, and wrot this mournefull Sonnet.

Iſabels Sonnet that ſhe made in priſon.

Veritas non quærit angulos.

No ſtorme ſo ſharpe to rend the little Reede,
For ſild it breakes, though euery way it bend.
The fire may heat, but not conſume the flint,
The gold in furnace purer is indeede.
Report that ſild to honor is a friend,
May many lies againſt true meaning mint:
But yet at laſt,
Gainſt ſlaunders blaſt,
Truth doth the ſily fautleſſe ſoule defend.

Though falſe reproach ſeekes honor to diſtaine,
And enuy bites the bud though neere ſo pure:

Though

Though luſt doth ſeeke to blemiſh chaſt deſire,
Yet truth that brookes not falſhoods ſlandrous ſtaine,
Nor can the ſpite of enuies wrath endure
Wil trie true loue from luſt in iuſtice fire,
And maugre all,
Will free from thrall
The guiltleſſe ſoule that ſets his footing ſure.

Where innocence triumpheth in her prime,
And guilt cannot approach the honeſt minde:
Where chaſte intent is free from any miſſe,
Though enuy ſtriue, yet ſearching Time,
With piercing inſight wil the truth out finde,
And make diſcouery who the guiltie is,
For time ſtill tries
The truth from lies:
And God makes open what the world doth blind.
Veritas temporis filia.

Iſabel wetting her Sonet with teares, and pronouncing euery line with a ſigh, ſate in a dump. Whilſt the fame of this fact was ſpread abroad throughout all Caerbranke, euerie man beganne ſundry coniectures, as affection led them: her friends ſorrowing, ſuſpected the rankred mind of the Burgomaiſter: yet for his calling durſt not diſcouer their ſuſpition: her foes laughing, ſaide, that diſſembled holines was a doubled ſin, that the holieſt countenance hath not alwayes the honeſteſt conſcience: both friend and foe notwithſtanding wondring at the ſtrange chance, ſeeing her outward actions did manifeſt ſo many vertues. Well, to be briefe, Signior Bernardo aſſembled the other Burgomaiſters of the towne into the common Hall, ſent for Iſabel thither: at whoſe comming (as the nature of man is deſirous of nouelties) a great preaſe of people was preſent to heare the matter throughly cannaſſed. When Iſabel was thus brought before the barre, Signior Bernardo (who had ſuborned a yong man in the citty ſolemnly to depoſe that hée had laine with Iſabell) beganne his inuectiue thus. I am ſory (graue citizens, and inhabitants of Caerbrancke) that this day I come to accuſe Iſabell, whoſe vertues hitherto haue

haue wonne her many fauors, and the outward shew of her good qualities haue bin highly applauded of all men: but my conscience constraines me, not to conceale such hainous sinne, nor to smother vp so great an offence without rebuke. I am one of the Iudges and Elders of the people, appointed by almighty God, chosen by the multitude, and constramed by the law, to haue no respect of persons, neither too be to rigorous to my foe, nor too partial to my friend: but with the ballance of equitie to measure man according to his merit, and with the sword of iustice to vphold vertue, and beate downe vice. This considered, I am forced to discouer a wicked déede that this Isabell hath committed, and that is this.

This yong man here present, for a certaine summe of money compounded to lie with Isabell, and for pence had his pleasure on her: shée alluring him with such wilie amorets of a Curtizan, that in her company hée hath consumed all his substance: The young mans friends séeing his folly, and that no perswasions could diswade him from affecting her, made complaint vnto me whereupon I examined him, and found him, not only guiltie of the crime, but tractable to be reclaimed from his folly: séeing thé (Citizens of Caerbrancke) such a curtizan as this may vnder the colour of holines throwd much preiudice, and allure many of our youth to mischiefes, I thought it my duty to bring her into open infamie that she may be punished for her fault, known for a harlot, and from henceforth liue despised and hated of all. For proofe that she hath lined long in this lewd kind of life, this young man shall here before you all make present deposition: and with that he reacht him a Bible: whereon he swore that hée had long time conuersd dishonestly with Isabell, euer since the departure of her husband. At which oath the people that were Iurours in the cause, beléeuing the protestation of Bernardo, and the deposition of the youth, presently found her guiltie: and then Bernardo and the rest of the Burgomasters gaue iudgement, that shée should presently haue some open & seuere punishment, and after be banished out of the Towne. Assone as Isabel heard the censure, she appeald for no mercy, nor abasht any whit, as one desirous of fauour: but lifting vp her eyes to heauen, only said thus. O GOD which séest the secrets of all harts, and knowest all things before

they

they come to passe, which discerneth the very inward thoughts and trieth the heart and the reines: thou knowest, that because I would not consent vnto the filthy lust of this doting lecher, nor agrée by defiling my husbãds bed to fulfil his fleshly desires, that he hath slãdred me with a crime wherof I was neuer guilty, that he hath produced this young man by a sinister subordination, to periure himselfe in a fault, wheras not so much as in thought I cõmitted such a fact: he hath, to satisfie his malicious mind without cause, deuised this false crime. I confesse O Lord, to be a most grieuous offender, & to deserue far greater punishment, but not for this deed. Heare then O Lord my praier, & let the innocence of my cause plead before thy diuine maiesty: if it be thy wil, preuẽt his practises, confound his counsels, & let him that hath digged a pit for others, fal into the snare himselfe. Thou hast neuer as yet, O Lord, left the succourlesse without help, but hast deliuered them which feare thee from all aduersity: thou diddest set frée Ioseph from the hands of his brethren which sought to spill his blood, & diddest preuent the practises of Saul, intended against thy seruant Dauid: Eliæus being besieged within Dotham, was not only freed from his foes, but also garded about with a troop of holy Angels: Elias was preserued from the cruelty of Iesabell, and fed with Rauens. But cheefly in my case, how mightily didst thou shewed Susanna from the trechery of the two Elders, in raising vp young Daniel to maintaine her right? May, who hath trusted in thy mercy, which hath come to mishap? or who hath put his hope in thee, and hath suffered harme? So, O Lord, if it be thy wil thou canst disclose the deuice of this Signor Bernardo, and vnfold the follies of this false witnesse: helpe then O Lord, for in thee is my trust.

The people hearing the solemne protestations of sorrowfull Isabel, thoght she had spoken these words to excuse her fault, but not that she was guiltlesse of the fact: giuing more credite to the reuerend age of Bernardo, and the oath of the young man, countenanced out by the Burgomaister, than to the yong yeares of a simple woman, supposing her speeches were more of custome to cloake her follies, then of conscience to cleere hir of that crime: & they would haue returned her backe againe vnto prison, till the day assigned for her punishment. As she was ready to be carried

away, hée which had accused Isabell start vp as a man lunatike, and cryed out vnto the people thus: I haue sinned, men of Caerbrancke, I haue sinned: the thought of my present periurie is a hell to my conscience: for I haue sworne falsly against the innocent, and haue consented to condemne Isabel without a cause: & with that he discouered at the barre howe Signior Bernardo had suborned him against the Gentlewoman, and how in all his life before hée neuer was in her company. Vpon which confession of the young man, the Burgomasters examined the matter more effectually, and found that Isabel was cléere, chaste, honest, & vertuous, and Bernardo was a doting letcher: wherevpon they not only amerced him in a great fine to bée payd to Isabell, but put him for euer after from bearing any office in the Citty.

Thus was Isabel deliuered from her enimies, and reckoned more famous for her chastity through all Caerbrancke. This strange euent spread abroad through all the Countrie, and as fame flies swift & far, so at last it came to the eares of Francesco: for hée sitting in Troynouant at an Ordinarie, amongst other Gentlemen, heard this fortune of Isabell reported at the Table for strange newes by a Gentleman of Caerbranke, who brought in Isabel for a mirrour of chastity, and added this more, that she was married to a Gentleman of ripe wit, good parentage, and well skild in the liberall Sciences, but (quoth he) an vnthrift, & one that hath bin from his wife fiue yéers. At this all the table condemned him as passing vnkinde, that could wrong so vertuous a wife with absence. He was silent and blusht, féeling the worme of his conscience to wring him, & with such a sharp sting, that assone as he got into his chamber, he fell to meditate with himselfe of the great abuses he offered his wife, the excellencie of her exteriour perfection, her beauty, vertue, and other rare ornaments of nature, presented thémselues vnto his thoughts, that hée began not only to be passing passionate, but déeply penitent, sorrowing as much at his former follies, as his hope was to ioy in ensuing good fortunes. Now hée sawe that *Omnia sub sole vanitas*: that beauty without vertue, was like to a glorious flower without any operatiõ, which the Apothecaries set in their shops for to be séene, but assone as it withereth, they cast it into ỹ fornace as an vnprofitable wéede: that the imbracings of a Curti-

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ſan, ſéeme they neuer ſo ſwéet, yet they were the paths to deſtruction: that their lookes are ſtales vnto death, and the foldes of their hands, are fetters to ſnare men in ſinne. Now he ſaw that pride was extreme follie; for ſuch as lookt moſt high againſt the Sunne, grewe ſoneſt blind: that Icarus caught his fall by ſoaring high: that time ill ſpent in vanity, in riotous company, amongſt a crew of careleſſe Caualiers, that would boaſt it in the towne, not braue it in the field, was neither to be recalled nor recompenſt. Oh Franceſco (quoth hee) how fondly haſt thou béene led away with euery looke, fed vpon with trencher-flies, eaten aliue with flatterers, giuen to looke at a Goddeſſe more then thy God, more readie to a Bowle then thy Booke, ſquaring in the ſtrétes, when thou ſhouldſt bée meditating in thy Chamber: If thou knoweſt theſe to be extreme parts of folly, repent & amend. The Déere knowing Tamariſk is deadly to his nature, ſcornes to come néere the trée. The Unicorne will not brooke to reſt vnder a Cytren trée, for that he holds it mortall. The Elephant will fly out of the cõpany of a murtherer. Theſe brute beaſts auoid what nature tels them is perillous: thou hunteſt after thoſe harmes with greédines, that thou knoweſt are preiudiciall. Wel Franceſco, then now or elſe neuer away with ſuch follies: ſtop at the bottome, and then it is Sero, yet let it be Serio: home to the wife of thy youth, reconcile thy ſelf to her, ſhe will forgiue and forget thy former fondnes, & entertain her penitent paramor, with as great kindnes as he comes home with penance: What man? *Nunquam ſera eſt ad bonos mores via.* With that Franceſco toke pen, and paper, and wrote this.

Franceſcoes Sonnet made in the prime of his penance.

With ſweating browes I long haue plow'd the ſands:
My ſeed was youth, my crop was endleſſe care
Repent hath ſent home with empty hand,
At laſt, to tell how rife our follies are:
And time hath left experience to approoue,
The gaine is griefe to thoſe that traffique loue.
The ſilent thought of my repentant yeares
That fill my head, haue cald me home at laſt:

Now loue vnmaskt a wanton wretch appeares,
Begot by guilefull thought with ouer-haſt:
In prime of youth, a Roſe, in age, a Weed,
That for a minutes ioy, payes endleſſe meed.
Dead to delights, a foe to fond conceit,
Alied to wit by want, and ſorrow bought:
Farewell fond youth, long foſtred in deceit,
Forgiue me Time diſguiſed idle thought.
And loue adew, loe, haſting to my end,
I finde no time too late for to amend.

HAuing framed this Sonnet, he gaue the coppy to ſome of his friends, making manifeſt to thē his reſolution to leaue Troynouant, and to goe home; and by their helpe, who furniſhed him with ſuch neceſſaries as he did want, he in ſhort time tooke his iorney. The day of his departure was ioiful to al his friends, inſomuch that as many as knew of his iourney, gathered themſelues together, and made him a banquet: where (very merry & pleaſant) they carowſt to the health of his Iſabel: One amongſt the reſt who loued Franceſco ſo tenderly, tooke a cup of wine in his hand, and with teares in his eyes, ſaid thus: Franceſco, I haue nothing to giue thee, being my ſelfe pinched with want, but ſome precepts of wit that I haue bought with much experience, thoſe ſhalt thou haue at my hands, which if thou put in practiſe, think I haue giuen much treaſure.

The farewell of a friend.

1 Let Gods worſhip be thy mornings worke, and his wiſedome the direction of thy dayes labour.

2 Riſe not without thanks, nor ſleepe not without repentance.

3 Chooſe but a few friends, and try thoſe: for the flatterer ſpeakes faireſt.

4 If thy wife bee wiſe, make her thy Secretary; elſe locke thy thoughts in thy heart, for women are ſeldome ſilent.

5 If ſhe be faire, be not iealous; for ſuſpition cures not womens follies.

6 If ſhe bee wiſe, wrong her not: for if thou loueſt others, ſhee will loath thee.

7 Let thy childrens nurture bee their richeſt portion: for wiſe-

dome

dome is more precious than wealth.

8 Be not proud amongst thy poore neighbours: for a poore mans hate is perillous.

9 Nor too familiar with great men: for presumption winnes disdaine.

10 Neyther be too prodigall in thy fare, nor die not indebted to thy belly, enough is a feast.

11 Be not enuious, lest thou fall in thine owne thoughts.

12 Vse patience, mirth, and quiet: for care is enemy to health.

And Francesco (quoth his friend) that thou mayst remember my precepts, I drink to thee: vpon this he pledged him, and so in pleasant chat they past away the time till breakfast was done, & then he gat him to horse, and they brought him a mile out of the Citty. At last, although they plaid loath to depart, yet Francesco must away: but before hee departed, when they were ready to shake hands, he pulld out of his sleeue a Sonet that he made, and gaue it them.

Francescoes Sonnet called his parting blow.

REason that long in prison of my will,
Hast wept thy Mistris wants and losse of time,
Thy wonted siege of honour safely clime.
To thee I yeeld as guilty of mine ill.

Loe (fettred in their teares) mine eyes are prest,
To pay due homage to their native guide:
My wretched heart wounded with bad betide,
To craue his peace, from reason is addrest.

My thoughts asham'd, since by themselues consum'd,
Haue done their duty to repentant wit:
Asham'd of all, sweet guide I sorry sit,
To see in youth how I too farre presum'd.

That he whome loue and errour did betray,
Subscribes to thee, and takes the better way:

Sero sed serio.

As ſoone as he had deliuered them the ſonnet, ſhaking hands, he put ſpurs to his horſe and rode onward on his iourny: within fiue dayes he arriued at Caerbrancke, where as ſoone as he was lighted he went to the houſe where his wife ſoiourned; and one of the maids eſpying Franceſco, yet knew him for all his long abſence, and ranne in and told it to Iſabel, that her husband was at the dore: ſhe being at worke in her chamber, ſate as one in an extaſie, vntill Franceſco came vp, who at the firſt ſight of his wife conſidering the excellencie of her beauty, her vertues, chaſtitie, and other perfections, and meaſuring her conſtancy with his diſloyaltie, ſtode as a man metamorphoſed: at laſt he began thus. Ah Iſabell, what ſhall I ſay to thy fortunes or my follies? what exordiũ ſhal I vſe to ſhew my penance, or diſcouer my ſorrowes, or expreſſe my preſent ioyes? for I tell thée I conceaue as great pleaſure to ſée thée wel, as gréef in that I haue wronged thée with my abſence. Right ſighes (Iſabel) teares, plaints, or any ſuch exterior paſſions pourtray out my inward repẽtance, I would ſhew thée the Anatomy of a moſt diſtreſſed man: but amongſt manie ſorrowing thoughts, there is ſuch confuſion, that ſuperfluity of griefes ſtops the ſcource of my diſcontent. To figure out my follies or the extremity of my fancies, were but to manifeſt the bad courſe of my life: and to rub the ſcar by ſetting out mine owne ſcathe: and therfore let it ſuffice, I repent hartily, I ſorrow déeply, and meane to amend and continue in the ſame conſtantly. At this Franceſco ſtode and wept, which Iſabel ſéeing, conceiued by his outward griefs his ſecret paſſions, and therefore taking him about the neck, wetting his chéekes with the teares that fel from her eyes, ſhe made him this womanly and wiſe anſwer.

What Franceſco, comeſt thou home full of woes, or ſéekeſt thou at thy returne to make me weépe? Haſt thou béen long abſent, & now bringeſt thou me a treatiſe of diſcontent? I ſée thou art penitent, & therefore I am like not to heare what follies are paſt. It ſufficeth for Iſabel, that henceforth thou wilt loue Iſabel, and vpon that condition without any more words, welcome to Iſabel. With that ſhe ſmiled and wept, & in doing both together, ſealed vp all her contrarie paſſions in a kiſſe. Many lookes paſt betwéene them, many odde fancies and many fauours: but what they did, or how they agréed in ſecret, that cannot I tel; but ſoth they

they came great friends out of the chamber, wher Francesco was welcomed home of his wiues Host with great cheere: who to shew his kindnes the more, had prouided a solemne banquet, hauing bidden many of his neighbors to supper, that they might accompany Francesco. Wel, supper being done, & then sitting by the fire the Host seeing them all in a dump, sayd, that to driue them out of their melancholy hee would tel them a tale, which they all desirous of, sate silent, and he began thus.

The Hosts tale.

IN Thessaly, where Nature hath made the soyle prowde with the beauty of Shepheards, there dwelled a Swaine called Selador: auncient, as hauing age seated in his haires: and wealthy as infeoffed with great possessions: and honest, as being indued with many vertuous qualities. This Selador had to ioy him in his age a daughter of great beautie, so exquisite in her exteriour feature, as no blemish might eclipse the glory that Nature bestowed in her lineaments. As thus she was faire, so was she wise, and with her wit ioyned vertue, that to behold, she was Helena, to heare, Pallas, and to court, a Daphne. This Damsel whose name was Mirimida, kept her fathers sheep, and in a scarlet peticoate, with a chaplet of flowers on her head, went euery day to the fields, where she plide the care of her fathers folds with such diligence, that she seemed with labour, to enter armes against want, & with her hands thrift, to preuent her harts griefe. Thus daylie the plaines of Thessaly, the shepheards delighted at the gaze of so excellent an obiect, held their eyes fortunate when they might behold her feature, estéming him happie that could lay his flocks nearest vnto her folds. Amongst the rest of all the swaines that fed their thoughts on her fauours, there was one called Eurymachus, a yong youth that had the pride of his yéeres triumphing in his countenance, wittie, and full of pleasant conceits: and that Fortune might iumpe with loue, and make him gracious in womens eyes, he was wealthy, for gold is the Chrisocol of loue. This Eurymachus alwaies so plotted the course of his sheepe walke, that he was nert neighbour to Mirimida, insomuch, that to discouer his fancie, he did her often fauors: for whē

any

any of her Lambs went astray, or any thing grew amisse, then Eurymachus was the swaine that endeauored by his labor to redresse euery losse. By this meanes he wared priuate, & familiar with Mirimida, which was the meanes that brought him into a preiudicial labyrinth: for he did so neere *accedere ad ignem*, that he did *calescere plus quàm satis*: for as none comes neere the fume of the Mille Iden but he wareth blinde, nor any touch the Salamander, but he is troubled with the palsie: so none could gaze on the face of Mirimida, but they went away languishing. This did poore Eurimachus experience; for although hee knew loues fires were fatall, & did not warme, but scorch: yet he loued with the bird to flie to the flame, though he burnt his wings and fel in the bush: hee would not with Vlisses stop his eares, but sit & sing with the Syrens: he feared no enchauntment, but carowst with Circes, till his ouer-daring drew him in a passionate danger, and so long suckt in the beauty of Mirimida, with his euer thirsty eies, till his heart was fuller of passions then his eies of affections; yet discouer his thoughts he durst not, but smothered vp his inward paines with outward silence: hauing the Ouen the hotter within for that it was damd vp, and his griefs the deeper for that they were concealed. Manifest his malady to her he durst not, he thought himself too homely a patient for such a Phisition: to vtter his loues to another & make any to his Secretary but himself, he supposed was to draw in a riuall to his loues. Thus Eurimachus was perplexed, til at last, to giue a little vent to the flame, sitting on a day on a hil, he puld forth pen and inck, and wrote his fancy. The effects were these.

Eurymachus fancy in the prime of his affection.

When lordly Saturne in a sable roabe,
Sate full of frownes, and mourning in the West,
The euening starre scarce peept from out her lodge,
And *Phœbus* newly gallopt to his rest:
Euen then
Did I
Within my boate sit in the silent streames,
And voyd of cares as he that lies and dreames.
As *Phao*, so a Ferriman I was,

The

The countrey-laſſes ſayd I was too faire,
With eaſie toyle I laboured at mine oare,
To paſſe from ſide to ſide who did repaire:
And then
Did I.
For paines take pence, and *Charon*-like tranſport,
As ſoone the ſwaine as men of high import.
When want of worke did giue me leaue to reſt,
My ſport was catching of the wanton fiſh:
So did I weare the tedious time away,
And with my labour mended oft my diſh.
For or wh
I thought
That idle houres was Calenders of ruth,
And time il ſpent, was preiudice to youth.
I ſcornd to loue, for were the Nymph as faire,
As ſhe that loued the beauteous Latman ſwaine,
Her face, her eyes, her treſſes, nor her browes,
Like Iuory could my affection gaine:
For why,
I ſaid
With high diſdaine, Loue is a baſe deſire,
And Cupids flames, why th'are but watry fire.
As thus I ſate diſdayning of prowd loue,
Haue ouer Ferriman, there cryed a boy,
And with him was a Paragon, for hue,
A louely Damſel beauteous and coy,
And there
With her
A maiden couered with a tawnie vale,
Her face vnſeene for breeding louers bale.
I ſtird my boate, and when I came to ſhoare,
The boy was wing'd, me thought it was a wonder,
The dame had eyes like lightning, or the flaſh
That runnes before the hot report of thunder,
Her ſmiles
Were ſweet,

Louely her face. : was ne're ſo faire a creature,
For earthly carcaſſe had a heauenly feature.
My friend (quoth ſhee) ſweet Ferriman behold,
We three muſt paſſe, but not a farthing fare,
But I wil giue (for I am Queene of loue)
The brighteſt laſſe thou lik'ſt vnto thy ſhare:
Chooſe where
Thou loueſt.
Be ſhe as faire as Loues ſweet Lady is,
She ſhall be thine, if that will be thy bliſſe.
With that ſhe ſmil'd with ſuch a pleaſing face,
As might haue made the marble rocke relent,
But I that triumpht in diſdaine of loue,
Bade fie on him that to fond loue was bent:
And then
Said thus,
So light the Ferriman for loue doth eare,
As *Venus* paſſe not if ſhe pay no fare.
At this a frowne ſate on her angry browe,
She winkes vpon her wanton ſonne hard by:
He from his quiuer drew a bolt of fire,
And aym'd ſo right, as that he pierſt mine eye.
And then
Did ſhe
Draw downe the veile that hid the virgins face,
Whoſe heauenly beauty lightned all the place.
Straight then I lean'd mine eare vpon mine arme,
And lookt vpon the Nimph (if ſo) was faire:
Her eyes were ſtarres, and like *Apolloes* lockes
Me thought appear'd the tramels of her haire.
Thus did
I gaze}
And ſuckt in beauty, till that ſweet deſire
Caſt fuell on, and ſet my thoughts on fire.
When I was lodg'd within the net of loue,
And that they ſaw my heart was all on flame,
The Nymph away, and with her trippes along
The winged boy, and with her goes his dame.

Oh

Oh then
I cryed,
Stay Ladies, ſtay, and take not any care,
You all ſhall paſſe, and pay no penny fare.
Away they fling, and looking coylie backe,
They laugh at me, ah with a lowde diſdaine.
I ſend out ſighes to ouertake the Nymphs,
And teares as lures to call them backe againe:
But they
Flie thence.
But I ſit in my boate, with hand on oare,
And feele a paine, but knowes not what's the ſoare.
At laſt I feele it is the flame of loue,
I ſtriue, but bootleſſe, to repreſſe the paine,
It cooles, it fires, it hopes, it feares, it frets,
And ſtirreth paſſions throughout euery vaine:
That downe
I ſate,
And ſighing, did faire *Venus* lawes approoue
And ſwore, nothing ſo ſweet and ſowre as loue.

Et florida pungunt

Hauing made this Canzon, hee put it in his boſome, and oft when he was by him ſelfe would reade it, eaſing his paſſion with viewing the conceits of his own fancy: on a day hauing brought downe his ſheepe, he eſpies Mirimida, and to her he goes, and after his wonted ſalute ſat downe by her, & fell to ſuch chat as occaſion did miniſter, intermedling his paſſions with ſo many ſighs, and firing his eie ſo effectually vppon her face without remoue, that ſhe perceiued the Shepheard had ſwallowed Aconiton, and that there was none but ſhe that bore the Antidote. As thus ſhe noted his paſſions, ſhe eſpied a ſcrole of paper ſticking out of his boſome, which ſhe ſnatched forth & vnfolded, and perceiuing it was a Sonet ſhee read it, and then loking earneſtly on Eurymachus, he bluſht, and ſhe with friendly ſmile began to croſſe him with this frump. What Eurymachus, cannot wonted labours wipe away wanton Amours, nor thy ſheepes care preuent thy hearts loue? I had thought fancy had not trode on thy heele, nor affection preſented any obiect to thine eie: but now I

ſée, as the Camelion cannot liue without ayre, nor the Salamãder without fire, ſo men haue no quiet in their life, vnleſſe they acquaint them with loue: I ſée ſwaines are not ſuch ſwads, but they haue thoughts and paſſions, and be they neuer ſo low, they can loke at beauty. Coridon in his gray caſſocke, had his faire Phillis, and Menalcas could court Calatea in his Shepheardes cloake; and Eurymachus, be he neuer ſo homely will hazard, but at whome, there lies the queſtion,

At whom (quoth Eurimachus?) ah Mirimida, at one that is to high for my thoughts, & to beauteous for my fortunes: ſo what I haue ſoared with the Hobby, I ſhall bate with the Bunting: and daring with Phaeton I ſhall drowne with Icarus: mine eye was prowd, my thoughts to forward: I haue ſtared at a ſtarre, but ſhal ſtumble at a ſtone; and I feare, becauſe I haue ouer-lokt in loue, I ſhal be ouer-laid in loue. With that he ſighed, and Mirimida ſmiled and made this reply. Why Eurymachus a man, or a mouſe, what is there any Cedar ſo high, but the ſloweſt Snaile will crépe to the top? & fortune ſo baſe, but wil aſpire? any loue ſo precious but hath his prize? What Eurymachus, a Cat may lok at a King, and a ſwaines eie hath as high a reach as a Lords loke. Vulcan in his leather ſutes courted Venus in her ſilkes: the ſwaine of Latmos wooed Luna; both dared, and both had their deſires. What, Loue requires not wealth but courage: and paretage is not ſo high prized by fancie, as perſonage: feare not man, if thou haſt lokt high, follow thy thoughts, and try loues fauors, for deniall is no diſhonor. Eurymachus hearing Mirimida in ſuch an amorous humour, encouraged by her perſwaſions, thought now to ſtrike while the yron was hot, and therefore taking her by the hand, began thus.

Truth Mirimida, Venus lawes are bounded with conſtraint, and when loue leadeth the eye, deſire kéepes no company: when Paris courted Helena, though ſhe were coy and denied, yet was ſhe not diſcourteous and diſdayned, for ſhe anſwered thus mildly: *Nemo etenim ſuccenſet amanti*. This (Mirimida) makes mée hardy to take thée by the hand, and to ſay, I loue Mirimida: for thou art the Sun that haſt eclipſt mine eies, on thy beauty haue I ſo long gazed, that as they which were wounded with Achilles Launce, could not be healed but by the ſame truncheon: ſo thine

thine excellence hath fettered Eurymachus, that thy curteſie muſt free Eurymachus. I confeſſe I haue lookt too high, but I excuſe mine owne preſumption by thine owne principles: and if I haue dared too much, why loue alowes it. Then faire Nimph, if thou beeſt as beautifull as Venus, yet looke at blacke Vulcan: low fortunes haue high deſires, if thou beeſt as louely as Luna, ſtoope to Endymion: a Swain may be as conſtant as a King. Shepheards loues are loyal, for their eies are like Emeraldes that receiue but one impreſſion, and their hearts like Adamants that will turne no way but to one point of the heauen. Mirimida frowning at the folly of the Shepheard, cut him off thus.

If thou kneweſt how bad the corne is Eurymachus (quoth ſhe) thou wouldeſt not put thy ſickle ſo farre in, and ſeeing your haruеſt is like to be ſo little, ſpare labour, and worke not ſo hard: if you haue lookt at my beauty, your aime is not beyond compaſſe, your high ſtraines are but frumps, ſo I take them: for he that calles a Faulcon a Phenix, is but a flatterer: and ſuch as terme their loue Saints, are thought but to vtter words of courſe.

Wel, howſoeuer, if you loue me, I like you, but ſo as Dianaes fancy was to Apollo, to be his friend in the field, and his foe in the chamber; to fauour him as a huntſman, but to hate him whē he chatted of loue: ſo Eurymachus, ſo long as thou fouldeſt thy flocks with Mirimida, thou art welcome to Mirimida; but if thou caſteth forth thy lure to haue Mirimida loue, then I will leaue thee to thy folly, as one that hates to be drawne to fancie: for know, that as the Oliue tree will brooke no touch of ſteele: the Agyte no heate of fire: ſo Mirimidas eares are not capable of any amorous perſwaſions: and therefore friend Eurymachus, any thing but loue, and ſo I leaue you.

Nay (quoth Eurymachus) and hee tooke her faſt by the arme, if I were ſure you had power as Diana had to plague mee with Acteons puniſhment, you paſſe not without a little more prattle: if I anger you, tis firſt a preparation to a good ſtomacke, for choler is a friend to digeſtion: ſecondly, as the Chriſocoll, and the Gold by long ſtriuing togither, grow to be one mettall, ſo by our falling out, we ſhall be better friends for euer: for

Amantium iræ amoris redintegratio eſt.

Therefore (faire Pillris) ſit ſtil & graunt ſome fauour to him

that is ſo pained with fancie; I will loue you though I am poore, and a King can do but ſo much: if you think my degree be too low for high of beauty, think of all parts, the meane is the merrieſt, & that the ſhepheards gray hath leſſe grief then the lordly eſtates. I know women muſt be coy, becauſe they are women, and they muſt haue time to be wonne, or elſe they would be thought to be wantons: therfore whatſoeuer you ſay now, I hold it not authẽtical: yet for that I would haue ſome hope: good Mirimida, let me ſée thee laugh. She could not but ſmile to ſee the Shepheard ſo pleaſant, and ſo Eurymachus reſted content, and from amorous chat they fell to talke of other matters, til euening grew on, and then they folded their ſhéep, & with a friendly farewell parted.

Eurymachus was not alone thus enamoured of the faire Mirimida, but all the Shepheards of Theſſaly writ Poemes and Ditties of her beauty, and were ſutors to her for fauor: ſhe like Daphne held loue in diſdaine, and yet was curteous to all in any other kinde of conference. Amongſt the reſt, Venus (be like) willing to be pleaſant had wrapt one in the labyrinth of loue called Mullidor, a fellow that was of honeſt parents, but very poore, and his perſonage was as it had bene caſt in Eſops mould, his backe like a Lute, and his face like Thirſites, his eies broad and tawny, his haire harſh and curled like a horſe maine, his lippes were of the largeſt ſize in folio, able to furniſh a Coblers ſhoppe with clowting leather: the only good part that he had to grace his viſage was his noſe, & that was conquerour-like, as beaked as an Eagle: Nature hauing made ſo proper a ſtripling, thought his inward qualities ſhould not blemiſh his outward excellence, & therfore to kéepe proportion, into his great head ſhe put in little wit, that he knew rather ſheepe by the marke then the number, for he was neuer good Arithmetician, and yet he was a proper ſcholer, and well ſéene in Ditties. This ruffling Shepheard amongſt the reſt, and more then any of the reſt, was enamoured of Mirimida, ſo that he would often leaue his ſheepe at random, to paſſe by the fields where ſhe ſate, only to féede his eye with fauour. Wel, as fooles haue eyes, ſo haue they hearts, and thoſe oft harbour fond deſire: Loue ſometimes looks low, & will ſtumble on a cottage aſwell as on a pallace: fooles are in extremities, not eaſy to be perſwaded from their bable, & when they

begin

begin to loue, folly whets them on to reſtles thoughts. So fell it out with Mullidor? for after he had taſted of the beauty of Mirimida, he grew paſſionate, but with great impatience, and waſted away in the deſpaire of his owne deſires that hée was waxen pale and wan: which his olde mother eſpying, marualling to ſée her ſon ſo malecontent, for ſhe loued him tenderly, and thought him the ſweeteſt youth, and braueſt young man in all Theſſaly. The Crow thinkes her fowles the faireſt, and the Ape accounts of his young as well featured darlings: ſo Calena, (for ſo was the olde womans name) thought Mullidor no leſſe, though his eares were greater thē an Aſſe, butheld him of a ſweet perſonage and rare wit. Wel, the poore old wife, when her ſon came home at night, ſéeing how ill he lookt, marualld what ſhuld be the cauſe of his ſuddaine change: yet becauſe ſhe woulde follow the principels of country phiſick, ſhe thought to paſſe ouer ſpeaking to him till ſupper was done, to try what ſtomacke hée had. Well, the cloth was laid, and the browne loafe ſet on the board, Mullidor full of paſſions, ſat down to his pottage, & eate off his boll ful, the old woman ſtumbles to the pot againe for a freſh meſſe. Ah mother (quoth he with a great ſigh) no more broath to night: with that ſhe clapt her hand on her knée, and ſwore her boy was not wel, that he forſooke his ſupping: yet he fell to a péece of Bacon that ſtod on the boord, & a tough barly pudding: but he roſe before the reſt and got into a corner, where folding his armes together he ſate thinking on his loue. Aſſone as the reſt of the ſwains were vp from the table, and turning crabbes in the fire ſhe tooke her ſon into the celler, & ſitting down in her chaire, began thus. Sone Mullidor, thy chéekes are leane, and now thou lookeſt like Lenton, pale and wan, I ſaw by thy ſtomack to night, thou art not thine owne man: thou hadſt of late (God ſaue thée) a lonely fat paire of chéekes, and now thou lookeſt like a ſhotten herring: Tel me Mullidor, and feare not to tel me, for thou telleſt it to thy mother, what ayleſt thou? Is it griefe of body, or of mind, that kéepes thée on the holydayes from ſriſking it at the foote-ball? Thou art not as thou wert woont, and therefore ſay what thou ayleſt, and thou ſhalt ſée old women haue good counſaile.

At theſe ſpéeches of his mother, Mullidor fetch a great ſigh, and with that (being after ſupper) he brake wind: which Cale-

na

na hearing, oh ſonne (quoth ſhe) it is the colicke that troubles thée, to bed man, to bed, and we will haue a warme pot-lid. The colicke mother, no: tis a diſeaſe that all the cunning women in the country cannot cure, and ſtrangely it holdes me: for ſometimes it holdes me in the head, ſome whiles in mine eyes: my hart, my hart, oh there (my mother) it plaies the diuel in a mortar: ſomewhile it is like a froſt, cold: ſometimes as a fire, hotte: when I ſhould ſléepe, then it makes me wake: when I eate, it troubles my ſtomacke: when I am alone, it makes mée crie right out, I can wet one of my new lockeram napkins with wéeping. It came to mée by a great chance: for as I lokt on a faire flower, a thing, I know not what, crept in at mine eyes, & ranne round about all my vaines, and at laſt, gat into my hart, and there euer ſince hath remayned, and there mother euer ſince ſo wrings me, that Mullidor muſt die; and with that hée fell on wéeping. Callena ſéeing her ſone ſhed teares, fell to her hempen apron, and wipt her bleared eyes, and at laſt demanded of him if it were not loue. At that queſtion he hung downe his head, and ſighed. Ah my ſonne (quoth ſhée) now I ſée tis loue: for hée is ſuch a ſneaking fellowe, that if he but leape in at the eye lid, and diue downe into the heart, and there reſts as cold as a ſtone, yet touch him, and he will ſcréeke: for tell me Mullidor, what is ſhée that thou loueſt, and will not loue thée: If ſhée be a woman, as I am, ſhe cannot but fancy thée: for mine eye, though it be now old (and with that went vp her apron and ſhe wipt them clére) hath béene a wanton when it was young, and would haue choſen at the firſt glance, the propereſt ſpringall in the Parish: and truſt me Mullidor, but be not proud of it, when I loke on thée, I find thée ſo louely, that I count her worſe than accurſt, would not chuſe thée for her Parameur. With theſe wordes Mullidor beganne to ſmile, and troubled his mother ere ſhe had halfe ended her tale, on this manner.

Mother, I may rightly compare the Church to a loking glaſſe, for as a man may ſée himſelfe in the one, & there ſée his proportion: ſo in the other, the wenches eyes are a certificate: for vpon whom you ſée all the girles loke, hée for foote and face, carries away the bell; and I am ſure, for theſe two yéeres I neuer came into the Church, & was no ſooner ſet, but the wenches began to

winke

winke one on another, to looke on me and laugh. Oh ware mother, when a dogge wagges his taile, he loues his master, and when a wanton laughes, for my life she is ouer the head & eares in loue. Then if my fortune serue me to be so well thought on, why should I not venture on her I loue? It is (mother) Seladors daughter Mirimida. Now Gods blessing on thy heart (quoth Callena) for louing such a smugge lasse, marry her (my sonne) and thou shalt haue my benizon in a clowte. Mirimida? marrie it is no maruell: if thy cheekes be fallen for her: why, shée is the fairest blossome in all the Towne: to her sonne, to her, trick thy selfe vp in thy best reparrel, & make no bones of it: but on a woing: for womens desires, I may tell thée boy, are like childrens fancies, wonne oft with an Apple, when they refuse an Angell; and Mullidor, take this with thée and feare not to spéede: A womans frowne is not euer an instance of choler: if she refuse thée outwardly, she regardes thée inwardly, and if she shake thée vp, and bid thée be packing, haue the better hope. Cats & dogs come togethen by scraching: if she smile, then Sonne say to thy selfe, she is thine; and yet Women are wily cattel, for I haue séene a woman laugh with anger, and kisse him shée hath desired to kill: she wil be coy (Mullidor) but care not for that, tis but a thing of course: speake thou faire, promise much, praise her highly, commend her beauty aboue all, and her vertue more then all, sigh often, and shew thy selfe full of passions, and as sure as thy cap is of wool, the wench is thine.

Mullidor hearing his mother giue such good counsaile, sayde hée would ieopard a ioynt, and the next day haue a fling at her. With that he sayd, his hart was eased, and his stomacke somewhat come downe with her good perswasion, whereupon the Ambry was opened, and he turned me ouer a cantle of Chéese & went to bed. The next morning vp he rose & his holy day roabes went on, his startupts new blackt, his cap faire brusht, & a cleane lockeram band. Thus attired, away flings Mullidor to the field, and carried away his shéep, and led them into the plaines where Mirimida sought to féede her flocks: comming there, hée met her all alone, sitting all alone vnder a Béech trée, weauing of Nets, to catch birds: as soone as Mullidor spyed her, his hart leapt for loy, and shée séeing him, laught, which was a great helpe to his

courage: that rushing roughly toward her he said thus.

Sistris Mirimida, here is weather that makes grasse plentie, and shéepe fatte, by my troth there neuer came a more plenteous yéere: and yet I haue one shéepe in my fold thats quite out of liking, and if you knew the cause you would marualle. The other day as he was grasing, he espied a spotted ew féeding before him, with that he fell to gaze on her, and that so long, that he wagged his taile for very ioy; hée came to her, and with a shéepish curtisie courted her; the ew was coy and butted him, which stroke him so to the hart, that casting a shéeps eye at her, away he goes, and euer since he lies by himselfe and pines away. I pray you Sistris Mirimida what think you of this ew: Mirimida perceiuing by this smile, that little wit had oft fancies, and foles were within the compasse of Loues warrant: whereupon thinking to bring him into a paradice, she made this answere.

I am an ill iudge Mullidor, and yet because I am a Shephearddesse, and this is a shéepish question, that the Ew should bée the first that should be fatted of all the flocke: and in reuenge of her cruelty, sold to the Butcher. For I tell thée Mullidor, she that is cruell in loue, is like to a Rose, that pricks when it should bée gathered. Say you so Mirimida (quoth he:) then may I be the bolder to breake out my mind vnto you: for surely I am the shéepe that euer since I markt your beauty, haue béene inflamed with your sweet lookes, and not daring boult out mine affection, haue pined away, as you may sée by my chéekes: and refuse my foode: and you Mirimida, are the Ewe that hath caught Mullidor captiue. Therefore now that I vtter howe I loue, and couet how you should loue againe: take héed you refuse not, for if you do, by my iudgement you shall be sold to the Butcher for your cruelty. Mirimida, hearing the alle ruffle in his rude eloquence smiled to her selfe, and thought that Venus fires as well warme the poore as the rich, and that deformity was no meanes to abridge fancy, whereupon she replied thus. Why Mullidor, are you in loue: and with mée, is there none but Mirimida that can fit your eye: béeing so many beautifull damsels in Thessaly: take héede man, looke before you leape, least you fall into the ditch: I am not good enough for so proper a man as your selfe, especially being his mothers eldest sonne: what Mullidor let mę counsaile you, there are

more

more maids thē Malkin, & the country hath such choyce as may breed your better content: for my part at this time, I meane not to marry. Tis no matter, quoth Mullidor, what you say: for my mother told me, that maides at first would be coy when they are wooed, and mince it as it were a Mare ouer a mouthfull of thistles, & yet were not a whit the worse to be likt, for twas a matter of custome. Well then Mullidor quoth Mirimida, leaue off at this time to talke of loue, & hope the best: to morrow perchance it will be better, for women are like vnto children, that will oft refuse an apple, and straight cry for the paring, and when they are most hungry, then for sullennesse fast. This Mullidor, quoth she, is the frowardnes of loue. Marry then quoth he, if they haue childrens maladies, twere good to vse childrens medicines, and thats a rod, for be they neuer so froward, a ierke or two wil make them forward: and if that would bring women to a good temper, my mother hath a stiffe cudgel, and I haue a good arme.

Thus these two past a way the day, till presently they espied a farre off a Gentleman with a hawke on his fist, to come riding towards them, who drawing nye and seing so faire a Nymph, reind his horse and stood still, as Actæon when hē gazed at Diana: at the last he alighted, and comming towards her, saluted her thus curteously. Faire virgin, when I saw such a sweet saint with such a crooked apostle, I straight thought Venus had bēne walking abroad to take the ayre with Vulcan: but as soone as mine eies began narrowly to make suruey of thy beauty, I found Venus blemisht with thy rare excellency: Happy are these shēpe that are folded by such a paragon: and happy are those shēpeheards that enioy the presence of such a beauteous creature, noemaruel if Apollo became a swaine or Mercury a neat-heard when their labours are recompenst with such loues. My selfe, faire damosel, if either my degrē were worthy or my deserts any, would craue to haue entertainment to become your duetifull seruant. All this while Mirimida held downe her heaed, and blusht: at last, lifting vp her eyes full of modesty, and her face full of chaste colours, such as flourish out the fronts of Dianaes virgins, she made the Gentleman this answer. My seruant sir: (said she) no, your worth is far aboue my wealth, and your dignitie too high for my degrē; poore country damsels must not aime to hie at fortune,

for flie to fast in desiers, least looking at their fæte with the peacocke, they let fall their plumes, & so shame at their owne follies: but if my degrée were so great as to entertaine such seruants, I must bestow vpon them some changeable liuery, to shew the varietie of their mindes: for certaine, mens hearts are like to the Polype, that will change into all colours but blew, and their thoughts into all effects but constancie: in that sir, your eye dazeled and mistooke me for Venus, you gazde against the sunne, and so blemisht your sight, or else you haue eaten of the rootes of hemlocke, that makes mens eyes conceit vnséene obiects: how soeuer (as I take you for a Gentleman) so I take your prayse for a frumpe: and so your way lies before you: wée must folde our flocks, and you may be gone when you please, In faith quoth he Oenone chose Paris for her Phere in her labours, and her fellow in her loues: thinking the swéetest face the best fairing for a gentlewomans eye: But you contrarie haue got a smoakie Vulcan, as Venus, to set out your excellencie: for as a Christal placed by Ieate, séemes the more pure: so a beauteous Paragon shews the more faire, ioyned with a deformed peasant. Mullidor hearing the Gentleman thus abuse his patience, as a man conceited in his owne properneſſe, and especially afore Mirimida, thwarted him thus. You maister meacoke, that stand vpon the beauty of your churnmilke face: as brag with your Buzzard on your fist, as a Sow vnder an Apple trée, know that we country swaines as we are not beholding to Nature for beautie, so wée little account of fortune for any fauor: Tush man, my crokebacke harboreth more honest condition, then thy fléering countenance, and these course suites, can fetch more pence then thy silkes: for I beléeue thou maiest a sconce of the Mercers booke: thou hast made such sure entrance there, that thou wilt neuer from thence till thou béest borne out by the eares. Godman Courtier, we haue queasie stomackes that will hardly brooke them: and therefore fine fole, be gone with your fole, or I will so belabour you, as you shall féele my fingers this fortnight: and with that Mullidor heaued vp his shéephooke, and bent his browes, so that the gentleman giuing to Mirimida the adue, he put spurs to his horse, and went away.

At this manly part of Mullidor, Mirimida laught hartily, and he

hée toke a great conceipt that hée had ſhewed himſelfe ſuch a tall man: Vpon this, Mirimida gaue him a noſegay which ſtucke in her boſome for a fauour, which hée accepted ſo gratefully, as if another had giuen him a tunne of gold. Night drew on, and they folded their ſhéep and departed, ſhée to her father, and he to olde Calena, as ioyfull a man as Paris, when hée had the promiſe from Venus: hée plodded on his way with his head full of paſſions, and his heart full of new thoughts, and ſtil his eye was vpon the noſegay, inſomuch that hée ſtode in a doubt whether it were Loue, or ſome other fury than Loue, that thus hincht him and pincht him: at laſt hée fell with himſelfe into this kinde of meditation. Now doe I perceiue that loue is a purgation, and ſearches euery veine, that though it enter in at the eie, yet it rũs to the heart, and then it kéepes an olde coyle, where it worketh like a Jugglers bore. O loue, thou art like to a flea which biteſt ſore, and yet leapeſt away and art not to be found, or to a pot of ſtrong ale, that maketh a man call his father whoreſon; ſo both of them bewitch a mans wits that he knoweth not a B. from a battledore. Infortunate Mullidor, and therfore infortunate, becauſe thou art ouer the eares in loue, and with whom? with Mirimida, whoſe eyes are like to ſparks of fire, and thine like a pound of butter, like to be melted with her beauty, & to conſume with the frying flame of fancy. Ah Mullidor, her face is like to a redde and white Daiſie growing in a gréene meadow, and thou like a Bée, that commeſt and ſuckeſt hony from it, & carrieſt it home to the hiue with a heaue and hoe, that is as much to ſay, as with a head ful of woes, and a heart full of ſorrows and maladies. Be of good chére, Mirimida laughs on thée, and thou knoweſt a womans ſmile is as good to a louer, as a ſun-ſhine day to a hay maker, ſhe ſhewes thée kinde lokes, and calls many a ſhépes eye at thée, which ſignifies that ſhe counts the man worthy to iumpe a match with her; nay more Mullidor, ſhée hath giuen thée a noſegay of flowers, wherein as a top gallant for all the reſt, is ſet in Roſemary for remembrance: Ah Mullidor, chéere thy ſelfe, feare not, loue and fortune fauors lucky lads, cowards are not friends to affection, therefore venture, for thou haſt won her, els had ſhe not giuen thée this noſegay: and with this remembring himſelfe he ſtart vp, left off his amorous paſſions, & trudged home to his

house, where comming in, olde Calena stumbels to see in what humour her sonne came home: frolick he was and his cap on the one side, he askt if supper were ready: his mother seeing his stomacke was good, thought there was some hope of her sons good fortune, and therefore said, there was a pudding in the pot that is almost enough, but sonne quoth shee, what newes? what successe in thy loues? how doth Mirimida like thee? Ah mother qd. Mullidor, and he smiled, how shoulde I be vsed, but as one that was wrapped in his mothers smocke when hee was borne? Can the Sun want heat, and the winter cold, or a proper man be denied his suites? No mother, assone as I begunne to circumglaze her with my Sophistry, and to fetch her about with two or three beniesfro mmine eyes, I gaue her such a thump on the breast, that she would scarce say no: I told her my mind, and wrapt her in the prodigality of my wit, that she said another time should: but then we parted laughing, with such a sweet smile that made mee lose in the haft like a dudgin dagger: she gaue me this nosegay for a fauour, which how I esteeme it, gesse you: thus haue I vsed her in kindnesse, and she vsed mee in curtesie: and so I hope wee shall make a friendly conclusion. By my troth, quoth shee, and I, hope no lesse, for I tel you, when maides giue giftes, they meane wel, and a woman if she laugh with a glauncing looke, witheth it were neither to do nor vndone: she is thine, my sonne, feare not: and with that she layd the cloth & set victuals on the bord, where Mullidor tried himselfe so tall a trencher-man, that his Mother perceiued by his drift he would not die for loue. Leuing this passionate lubber to the conceit of his loues, let vs returne to the yong courtier called Radagon, who trotting a soft pace vpon his courser, seeing the Sunne now bright, and then ouer shadowed with cloudes, began to compare the state of the weather fantastically to the humor of his Mirimidaes fancies saying, when Phœbus was eclipst with a vapour, then she lowred, when he shewed his glory in his brightnesse, then she smiled. Thus he dallied in an vncouth motion so long, that at last he began to feele a fire that fretted to the hart. Ryding thus in a quandary he entred into the consideration of Mirimidaes beautie, whereupon frolickly in an extempozate humour he made this Sonnet.

Radagons

Radagons Sonnet.

No cleere appear'd vpon the azurd ſky
A vale of ſtormes had ſhaddowed *Phœbus* face,
And in a ſable mantle of diſgrace
Sate he that y'cleeped heauens bri ght eye,
As though that he,
Perplext for *Clitia*, meant to leaue his place,
Andwrapt in ſorrowes did reſolue to die:
For death to louers is euer nye:
Thus folded in a hard and mournefull blaze,
Diſtreſt ſate hee.
A miſty fogge had thickned all the ayre,
Iris ſate ſolemne and denied her ſhowres:
Flora in tawny hid vp all her flowers,
And would not diaper her meades with faire,
As though that ſhee
Were armd vpon the barren earth to lower.
Vnto the founts *Diana* nild repaire,
Bnt ſate as ouerſhadowed with deſpaire,
Solemne and ſad within a withered bower,
Her Nymphs and ſhe.
Mars malecontent lay ſicke on *Venus* knee,
Venus in dumps ſate muffled with a frowne,
Iuno layd all her frolicke humors downe,
And *Ioue* was all in dumpes as wel as ſhe.
Twas Fates decree.
For *Neptune* (as he meant the world to drowne,)
Heau'd vp his ſurges to the higheſt tree,
And leagu'd with *Eol*, mard the Seamansglee,
Beating the Cedar, with his billowes downe.
Thus wroth was he.
My miſtris deines to ſhew her ſun-bright face,
The ayre cleerd vp, the clowdes did fade away,
Phœbus was frolicke when we did diſplay
The gorgeous beauties that her front doe grace:
So that when ſhee
But walkt abroade, the ſtormes then fled away,
Flora did checker all her trading place,

And

And *Neptune* calmde the ſurges with his mace,
Diana and her Nymphs were blith and gay,
When her they ſee.
Venus and *Mars* greed in a ſmile:
And iealous *Iuno* ceaſed now to lowre,
Ioue ſaw her face and ſighed in his bowre,
Iris and *Eol* laughdt with in a while
To ſee this glee:
Ah borne was ſhe within a happy houre
That makes heauen, earth, and Gods and all to ſmile?
Such wonders can her beauteous works compile,
To cleere the world from any froward lowre,
Ah bleſt be ſhee.

When Rodagon had framde his fancie, he began with ſundry inſæing thoughts to conſider, that ſhée was beautiful & of a baſe countrey bræde, where vertue allwne dwelleth as in high dignities: that her wit was sharpe, and Nature had done her part to make her euery way excellent, as well in exteriour perfection, as in inward qualities: though her fortunes were lowe, yet her deſires were modeſt: and prowde ſhée could not be, as being poore, to be péuiſh were bootleſſe, in that her hope did not aſpire, her lokes bewrayd ſhe was no wanton: & her bluſhing, that ſhe was baſhful: euery way ſhe ſéemed vertuous, as ſhe was beautifull.

The conſideration of her excellencie ſo pierced the hart of Radagon, that from liking hée fell to loue, from ſmall prayſes vnto great paſſions. Muſh quoth he, though wedlocke bée a thing ſo doubtful & dangerous to deale withall, as to ſéeke roſes amongſt thornes, Eéles amongſt Scorpions, & one pure potion amongſt a thouſand bores of confection; yet nature doth eſtabliſh it as neceſſary, Law as honeſt, and reaſon as profitable. Some Cynicke (as Diogenes) wil thwart it with a dilemma & ſay that for yong men tis too ſone, for old men too late to marry, concluding ſo enigmatically, it were not good to marry, at all: other wil ſay as Arminius a ruler of Carthage ſayde, who being importunatelie perſwaded to marry, anſwered, no ſaid he, I dare not: for if I chance vpon on that is wiſe, ſhe wil be wilful, if wealthy thē wāton, if poore then péuiſh, if beautiful then prowd, if deformed thē loathſome: and the leaſt of theſe is able to kil a thouſand men. In

déde

deede I cannot deny but oft *sub molle latet venenum*, that vertue is like a bore of Iuory containing some baleful Aconiton, or to a faire show that wrings the foote: such loue as is laid vpon such a foundation, is a short pleasure ful of paine, & an affection bought with a thousand miseries: but a woman that is faire & vertuous maketh her husband a ioyfull man, and whether he be rich, or poore, yet alwaies he may haue a ioyful heart. A woman that is of a silent tongue, shamefast in countenance, sober in behauiour and honest in condition, adorned with vertuous qualities correspondent, is like a goodly pleasant flower, deckt with the colors of al the flowers of the garden: and such a one (quoth he) is Mirimida, and therefore, though she be poore, I will loue her, and like her: and if shee will fancy me, I will make hir my wife. And vpon this he resolued to prosecute his suite towards her, insomuch that as soone as he came home and had rested himselfe a while, he kept to his standish, and wrote her a letter.

Radagon was not more pained with this passionate malady then poore Eurymachus, who could take no rest, although euery day in her presence he fed his eie with the beauty of her face: but as the Hidaspis, the more he drinks, the more thirsty he is, so Eurymachus, the more he looked, the more he loued, as hauing his eie deeply enamoured of the obiect: reueale any more his suite he durst not, because when he began to chat of loue, she shakt him off, & eyther flung away in a rage, or else forst him to fall to other prattle, insomuch that he determined to discourse his mind in a letter, which he perfumed as cunningly as he could, & sent it her. Mulidor that asse rapt out his reasons diuers times to Mirimida, vntil she was weary of the groomes importunate fooleries, and so with a sharpe word or two nipt him on the pate: whereupon asking his mothers counsaile, she perswaded him to write vnto Mirimida, although he and a pen, were as fit as an asse and a harp: yet he bought him paper, and stealing into the Churchyard vnder an Apple tree, there in his Muses framed a letter and sent her. Thus had fortune (meaning to be merry) appointed in her secret synode, that all these three should deuise meanes to possesse their loues, & brought it so to passe, that the three letters from these three riuals were deliuered at one instant: which when Mirimida saw, she sate hir downe and laught,

wondring at ỳ rarenes of this chance, that should in a moment bring such a conceit to passe: at last (for as then she was leading forth her sheepe) she sate her downe, and looking on the superscription, said to her selfe: what Adamants are faire faces, that can draw both rich, poore, and fooles to lodge in the labyrinth of their beauties? At this she sighed, and the first letter she broke open, because he was her first Louer, was Eurymachus. The contents whereof are these.

Eurymachus the Shepheard, to *Mirimida* the Goddesse of Thessaly.

WHen (Mirimida) I sit by thy sweet selfe, & wonder at thy present sight, feeding as the Bée vpon the wealth of thy beauties, the conceit of thine excellency driues me into an extasy that I became dumbe with ouer-much delight: for Nature sets downe this as an authenticke principle.

Sensibile sensui supposítum nulla fit sensatio.

If the flower be put in the nostrill there is no smel: the colour clapt close to the eye, blemisheth the sight: so a Louer in presence of his Mistris, hath the organs of his speech tied, that he conceales with silence, and sighes out his smothered passions with sorrowes.

Ah Mirimida, cõsider that loue is such a fire, as either wil burst forth, or burne the house: it is such a streame as will either haue his course, or breake through the banks & make a deluge, or else force their heart strings crack with secrecie. Then Mirimida, if I be lauish in my pen, blame me not that am so laden with loue: if I be bold, attribute it to thy beauty, not my impudency: and thinke what I ouer-dare in, it growes through the extremity of loyal affection, which is so deeply imprinted in my thoughts, as neither time can diminish, nor misfortune blemish. I ayme not Mirimida, at thy wealth, but at thy vertues: for the more I consider thy perfection, the more I grow passionate, and in such an humor, as if thou deny, there is no meanes to cure my malady, but the salue which healeth all incureable sores, & that is death. Therfore sweet (Mirimida) consider of my loues, & vse me as my loyalty deserues: let not my pouerty put in any barre, nor the basenes of my birth be any excuse of thy affection: weigh my desires, not my degrées, and either send me a speedy plaister to salue my

my deſpayring paſſiõs, or a corraſiue to cut off my lingring ſorrowes; either thy fauours with life, or thy deniall with death, betweene which I reſt in hope till I heare thine anſwere.

Thine who can be no others but thine,
the Shepheard *Eurymachus*.

To the end of this letter (for that he would run deſcant vpon his wit) hee ſet downe a Sonnet written in the forme of a Padrigall, thus.

Eurymachus in laudem Mirimidia,
his Motto.
Inuita fortuna dedi vota concordia.

WHen *Flora* proud in pompe of all hir flowers,
Sate bright and gay,
And gloried in the dew of *Iris* ſhowers,
And did diſplay
Her mantle, checquered all with gawdy greene:
Then I
alone
A mournefull man in *Ericine* was ſeene:
With folded armes I trampled through the graſſe,
Tracing as he
That held the throne of Fortunes brittle glaſſe,
And loue, to be
Like Fortune, fleeting as the reſtles wind,
Mixed
With miſts,
Whoſe dampe doth make the cleareſt eye grow blinde:
Thus in amaze I ſpied a hideous flame.
I caſt my ſight
And ſaw where blithely bathing in the ſame
With great delight,
A worme did lie, wrapt in a ſmoakie ſweate;
And yet
twas ſtrange,
It careleſſe lay and ſhrunke not at the heat.
I ſtood amaz'd, and wondring at the ſight
While that a dame
That ſhone like to the heauens rich ſparkling light,

Discourst the same,
And said, my friend, this worme within the fire
Which lies
content,
Is *Venus* worme, and represents desire.
A Salamander is this princely beast,
Deckt with a Crowne
Giuen him by *Cupid* as a gorgeous crest
Gainst Fortunes frowne:
Content he lies and bathes him in the flame,
And goes
not forth,
For why, he cannot liue without the same.
As he, so Louers liue within the fire
Of feruent loue,
And shrinke not from the flame of hot desire,
Nor will not moue,
From any heat that *Venus* force imparts:
But be
Content
Within a fire, and wast away their hearts.
Vp flew the dame and vanisht in a cloud;
But there stood I,
And many thoughts within my mind did shroud
My loue: for why
I felt within my heart a scorching fire,
And yet
As did
The Salamander, t'was my whole desire.

Mirimida hauing read this Sonnet, she straight (beeing of a pregnant wit) conceited the drift of this Madrigall, smiled and laid it by: and then next tooke vp Radagons letter, which was written to this effect.

Radagon of *Thessalie*, to the faire Shepheard-desse *Mirimida* health.

I Cannot tell (faire Mistris) whether I should praise Fortune as a friend, or curse her as a so, hauing at vnawares presented

me with the view of your perfection, which sight may be eyther the summe of my blisse, or the beginning of my bale: for in you rests the ballance either to weigh me downe my due with curtesie, or my deniall with extreme vnkindnesse. Such as are prickt with the bones of the Dolphin heare musicke, & they are presently healed of their malady: they which are enuenomed with the Viper, rub the sore with Rubarb, and fele a remedy: & those which drinke Aconiton, are cured by Antidotes. But loue is like the sting of a Scorpion, it must be salued by affection: for neither charme, hearb, stone, nor mineral hath vertue to cure it: which made Apollo exclaime this passion.

Hei mihi quod nullis amor est medicabilis herbis.

With the same distresse (sweet Mirimida) am I pained, who lighting by chance as Paris did in the vale of Ida vppon Venus, but I feare me lesse curteous then Venus. I haue no golden apple (faire Nimph) to present thee with, so to proue thée supreme of beauty: but the deuotion of my thoughts is offered humbly at thy feete, which shall euer confesse none so beauteous as Mirimida. When as Venus for reward gaue Paris Helena, so curteous Nimph, be prodigal of thy fauors and giue me thy heart, which shall be to me more deare then a hundred Helens.

But here perhaps thou wilt obiect, that mens pleas are like Painters Pensels which draw no substance but shadowes, that to the worst proportions giue the richest colours, & to the coursest pictures the finest glasses: that what we write is of course, and when we find passions, then are we least passionate, hauing sorrowfull pens when we haue ioyne hearts, & lowring lookes when we haue laughing thoughts. I cannot deny (sweet Mistris) but that hot loues are like a hauins blaze, & that men can promise more in a moment, then they will performe in a month. I know there was a Demophoon that deceiued Phillis, an Aeneas that falsified his faith to Dido, a Theseus that forsooke his Ariadne: yet measure not all by some mens mindes: of a few particular instances, conclude not generall axiomes: though some haue bin fleeting, thinke not all to be false: try me, I referre your passions to my proofe, & as you finde me loyal, so reward mee with loue. I craue no authentical grant, but a superficial fauor,

say(Mirimida)that Radagon shall be welcome if he be faithful, & then my hope shall comfort my hart. In which suspence I rest confused at the barre of your curtesie. Farewell.

Mirimidaes Radagon, though she will not
be *Radagons Mirimida*.

This she read ouer twise and blusht at it, as feeling a little heat, but straight she sighed, & shakt it from her heart, and had laid it by, but that turning ouer the next page, she espied certain verses, which was a Canzon pend thus.

Radagon in *Dianam*.
Non iuga Taurus amat: quæ tamen edit habet.

It was a valley gawdy greene,
Where *Dian* at the fount was seene:
Greene it was,
And did passe
All other of *Dianaes* Bowers,
In the pride of *Floraes* flowers.
A fount it was that no Sunne sees,
Circled in with *Cypres* trees,
Set so nie,
As *Phœbus* eye
Could not do the Virgine scathe,
To see them naked when they bathe.
She sate there all in white,
Colour fitting her delight.
Virgins so
Ought to goe,
For white in Armorie is plac't:
To be the colour that is chast.
Her taffata Cassocke might you see,
Tucked vp aboue her knee,
Which all did show
There below
Legs as white as Whales bone,
So white and chast was neuer none.

Hard

Hard by her vpon the ground,
Sate her Virgins in a round,
Bathing their
Golden haire,
And singing all in notes hie,
Fie one *Venus* flattering eie.
Fie on Loue, it is a toy,
Cupid witlesse, and a boy.
All her fires
And desires
Are plagues that God sent from on hie,
To pester men with misery.
As thus the Virgins did disdaine,
Louers ioy, and Louers paine;
Cupid nie
Did espie
Grieuing at *Dianaes* song,
Slily stole these maids among.
His bow of steele, darts of fire,
He shot amongst them sweet desire,
Which straight flies
In their eies,
And at the entrance made them start,
For it ran from eye to heart.
Calisto straight supposed *Ione*,
Was faire and frolicke for to loue.
Dian she
Scap't not free,
For well I wot hereupon
She lou'd the swaine *Endymion*.
Clitia, *Phœbus*, and *Cloris* eye,
Thought none so faire as *Mercurie*:
Venus thus
Did discusse,
By her sonne in darts of fire,
None so chast to checke desire.
Dian rose with all her maides,
Blushing thus at loues braids,

With sighes all
Shew their thrall,
And flinging hence pronounce this Saw,
What so strong as Loues sweet law?

Mirimida hauing read the letter of Radagon, perceiued that loue was in his eyes, and perhaps had slily touch't his hart: but she that was chary of her choyce, and resolute not to fetter her selfe with fancy, did passe ouer these passions, as men doe the shadowes of a Painters pensell, which while they view, they praise, & when they haue praised, passe ouer without any more remembrance: yet shee could not but enter into the humorous reach of his conceit, how hee checkt the coy disdaine of women in his Sonet: she blusht, & her thoughts went away with her bloud, and so she lighted on the letter that Mullidor had sent her, which drone her into a pleasant paine. The effects of his passions were these.

Mullidor the male content, with his pen clapt full of loue, to his Mistris *Mirimida* greeting.

After my hearty commendations remembred, hoping you be in as good health, as I was at the making hereof. This is to certifie you, that loue may well be compared to a bottle of hay, which once set on fire, will neuer bee quenched: or to a cup full of strong ale, which when a man hath once tasted, he neuer leaues till hee hath drunke it all vp: so Mistris Mirimida, after the furious flames of your eyes had set my poore heart vpon the coales of loue, I was so scorched on the gridiron of affection, that I had no rest til I was almost turned to a coale, and after I had tasted of the liquor of your sweet phisnomie, I neuer left supping of your amiable countenance, still with loue I was almost ready to burst. Consider with your selfe faire Shepheardise, that poore men feele paine aswell as Princes: that Mullidor is sicke of such a malady, as by no meanes may bee cured, vnlesse your selfe lay a sear-cloth to draw away my sorrowes: then be pittifull to me lest you be counted disdainful, to put so trusty a louer

out

out of his right wits; for there's no hoe, but either I must haue you, or else for very plaine loue run mad. It may be (Mirimida) you thinke me too base for your beautie: why, when you haue married me, I am content to serue you as a man, and to doe all those indeauours that belongs to a seruant, and rather to hold you for my Mistris, then my wife: then seeing you shall haue the soueraignty at my hands, which is a thing that al women desire, loue me sweet Mirimida, & think this, if you match with me, olde Calena my mother hath that in a clout, that wil do vs both good. Thus hoping you wil ponder my passions in your minde, and be more curteous then to call away a yong man for loue. Farewel.

Yours halfe mad, because he would be
yours, *Mullidor* the malcontent.

Such a poeticall fury toke Mullidor in the braines, that hee thought to shew his vaine in verse, and therefore annexed to his letter this pleasant Ditty.

Mullidors Madrigall.

Dildido, dildido,
Oh loue, oh loue,
I feele thy rage rumble below and aboue.

In sommer time I saw a face,
Trop belle pour moy helas helas;
Like to a flon'd horse was her pace:
Was euer young man so dismaid?
Her eyes like waxe torches did make me affraid
Trop belle pour moy, voila mon tresspas.

Thy beauty (my loue) exceedeth suppose,
Thy haire is a nettle for the nicest roses,
Mon dieu aide moy
That I with the Primrose of my fresh wit,
May tumble her tyranny vnder my feete,
He donque ie sera vn ieune roy,
Trop belle pour moy helas helas,
Trop belle pour moy, voila mon tresspas.

Mirimida hauing read this humorous fancy of Mullidor, began thus to meditate with her self. Listen not fond wench vnto loue, for if thou doest, thou learnest to loose, thou shalt find griefe to bee thy gaines, and folly the pay-maistris that rewards all amorous trauels. If thou wed thy selfe to Radagon, thou aymest beyond thy reach: and loking higher then thy fortunes, thou wilt repent thy desires: for Mirimida, affects beyond compasse, haue ofttimes ill effects, rich roabes haue not euer sweet content, & therfore the meane is the merriest honour. What then, must Eurymachus of all these three be the man that must make vp the match? he is a shepheard and harbours quiet in his cottage, his wishes are not aboue his wealth, nor doth his conceite climbe higher then his desarts. He hath sufficient to shrowd thee from want, & to maintaine the state of an honest life. Shepheardes wrong not their wiues with suspition, nor do Country Swaines esteem lesse of their loues then higher degrees. But Mirimida, meane men haue frownes as well as Kings: the least haire hath his shaddow, the Fly her splene, the Ant her gall, and the poorest Peasant his choler. Peasants can weeld a cudgel better then a great Lord, and dissention will haue a fling amongst the meanest. If therfore mariage must haue her inconuenience, better golden giues then yron fetters. What sayest thou then to Mullidor? that he is Mullidor, and let that suffice to shake him off as a fole: for it were thy discredit to haue only a Woodcock to kéep the Woolf from the doore. Why then meanest thou not to loue? No fond lasse, if thou bee wise: for what is sweeter then liberty? And what burthen heauier then the fit of a froward husband. Amongst many Scorpions thou lookest for one Eele: amongst a hedge full of nettles for one flower: amongst a thousand flatterers for one that is faithfull: and yet when thou hast him, thy thoughts are at his wil, and thy actions are limited to his humors. Beware Mirimida, strike not at a stale, because it is painted, though honey be sweet, Bees haue stings: there is no sweeter life then is chastity, for in that estate thou shalt liue commended and vncontrold.

Vpon this shee put vp the letters, and because she would not leade her Louers into a Labyrinth of hope, shee appointed them al to meet her at the sheepfolds on one day & at one houre, where the Wooers that stood vpon thornes to heare their censure, met

without

without faile: After ſalutes paſt betweene Mirimida and them ſhe began to parly with them thus.

Gentlemen, all riuals in loue & aimers at one fortune, though you three affect like deſire to haue Mirimidaes fauour, yet but one of you can weare the flower, & perhaps none: for it is as my fancy cenſures: therfore, are you content that I ſhal ſet down which of you, or whether none of you ſhall enioy the end of your ſutes; & who ſo is forſaken, to part hence with patience, & neuer more to talke of his paſſions? To this they all agreed, & ſhe made this anſwer. Why then Radagon and Eurymachus, weare you the willow Garland, not that I hold either your degrees or deſerts worthleſſe of a fairer then Mirimida: but that the deſtinies do ſo appoint to my deſires, that your affects cannot worke in me any effects. At this Radagon and Eurymachus frowned, not ſo much that they were forſaken, but that ſo beautiful a Creature would wed her ſelfe to ſuch a deformed aſſe as Mullidor: and the fole, he ſimpered it in hope to haue the wench. Now (quoth ſhe) Mullidor may hope to be the man: but truſt me, as I found him I leaue him, a dolt in his loues, and a foole in his fortunes. At this they laught, and he hung the head, and ſhe left them all.

Radagon taking his Hawk to flie at the partridge: Eurymachus marching with his ſheephooke to the folds Mullidor hying home to his mother to recount his mishaps, &: Mirimida ſinging that there was no Goddeſſe to Diana, no life to liberty, nor no loue to chaſtity.

Franceſco, Iſabell, and all the reſt of the gueſts applauded this diſcourſe of the pleaſant hoſt, and for that it was late in the night they all roſe, and taking their leaue of Franceſco, departed; he and his wife, bidding their Hoſt good night, and ſo going to bed, wher we leaue them to leade the reſt of their liues in quiet.

Thus (quoth the Palmer) you haue heard the diſcouery of youths follies, and a true diſcourſe of a Gentlemans fortunes. But now courteous Palmer (quoth the Gentleman) it reſtes that we craue, by your owne promiſe, the reaſon of your pilgrimage to Venice. That (quoth the Palmer) is diſcourſt in a word: for know ſir that inioyning my ſelfe to penance for the follies of my youths paſſions, hauing liued in loue, and therefore reapt al my loſſe by loue: hearing that of all the Citties in Europe, Venice

hath moſt ſemblance of Venus vanities, I goe thither, not only ſo ſée faſhions, but to quip at follies, that I may draw others from that harme that hath brought me to this hazard.

The gentlewomen of Venice your neighbors, but vnknowne to mee, haue more fauours in their faces, than vertue in their thoughts: their beauties are more curious then their qualities be precious, caring more to be figured out with Helen, then to be famouſed with Lucrece: they ſtriue to make their faces gorgeous, but neuer ſéeke to fitte their minds to their God, and couet to haue more knowledge in loue than in religion: their eyes bewray their wantonneſſe, not their modeſty: and their lookes are lures that reclaime not Hawkes, but make them only baite at dead ſtales. As the Gentlewomen, ſo are the men, looſe liuers, ſtraight louers, ſuch as hold ther conſciences in their purſes, and their thoughts in their eyes, counting that houre ill ſpent that in fancy is not miſpent Becauſe therefore this great City of Venice is holden Loues Paradice, thither do I direct my Pilgrimage, that ſéeing their paſſions, I may, being a Palmer, winne them to penance, by ſhewing the miſeries that Venus mireth with their momentary contents: if not, yet I ſhal carry home to my countrymen, ſalues to cure their ſores: I ſhall ſée much, heare little, & by the inſight into others mens extremes, returne more wary, meaning then to viſite you and make you privy to all.

The héedful Hoſt hauing iudicially vnderſtood the pittiful report of the Palmer, giuing truce to his paſſions, with the teares he ſpent, and reſolued to requite that thankfully which he had attended héedfully, gaue this Cataſtrophe to his ſad and ſorrowfull diſcourſe. Palmer, thou haſt with the Kitrell foreſhewed the ſtorme ere it comes, painting out the ſhapes of loue as liuely as the grapes in Zeuxis tabels were pourtrayted cunningly: thou haſt lent youth Eagles eyes to behold the Sun: Achilles ſword to cut and recure, leauing thoſe medicines to ſalue others, that hath loſt thy ſelfe, and hauing burnt thy wings with the flye, by dallying too long with the fire: thou haſt bequeathed others a leſſon with the Unicorne, to preuent poyſon by preſerues, before they taſte with the lip. The only requeſt I make in requitall of my attention, is, that thou leaue certaine teſtimonies on theſe walls, whereon whenſoeuer I looke, I ſhall remember

Franceſcoes

Franceſcoes follies, and thy foreſight.

The Palmer eſteeming the courteous reply of his hoſt, and deſirous to ſatiſfie his requeſt, drawing blood from the baine Cephalia, (on an arch of white Iuory erected at the end of an Arbor, adorned with Honyſuckles and Roſes) he wrot thus with a penſell.

In greener yeares when as my greedy thoughts
Gan yeeld their homage to ambitious will,
My feeble wit that then preuailed noughts,
Perforce preſented homage to his ill.
And I in follies bondes fulfild with crime,
At laſt vnlooſed, thus ſpide my loſſe of time.

As in his circular and ceaſeleſſe ioy,
The yeare begins, and in it ſelfe retnrnes,
Refreſht by preſence of the eye of day,
That ſometimes nye, and ſometimes farre ſoiourns,
So loue in me (conſpiring my decay)
With endleſſe fire my heedleſſe boſome burnes:
And from the end of my aſpiring ſinne;
My paths of error hourely doth begin.

Aries.

When in the Ram the Sun renewes his beames,
Beholding mournfull earth arraid in greefe,
That waites releefe from his refreſhing gleames;
The tender flockes reioicing their releeſe,
Doe leape for ioy, and lap the ſiluer ſtreames.
So at my prime when youth in me was chiefe,
All Heifer-like with wanton horne I playd,
And by my will, my wit to loue betrayde.

Taurus.

When *Phœbus* with *Europas* bearer bides,
The ſpring appeares, impatient of delaies,
The labourer to the fields his plow-ſwaines guides,
He ſowes, he plants, he builds at all aſſaies
When prime of yeares that many errors hides,
By fancies force did trace vngodly wayes,
I blindfold walkt, diſdaining to behold,
That life doth vade, and young men muſt be old.

Gemini.

When inthe hold whereas the twinnes doe reſt,
Proud *Phlegon* breathing fire doth laſt amaine
The trees with leaues, the earth with flowers is dreſt:
When I in pride of yeares and peeuiſh braine
Preſum'd too farre, and made fond loue my gueſt,
With froſts of care my flowers were nipt amaine.
In height of weale who beares a careleſſe hart,
Repents too late his ouer fooliſh part.

Cancer.

When in Æſtiuall *Cancers* gloomy bower
The greater glory of the heauens doth ſhine,
The ayre is calme, the birds at euery ſtower,
To tempt the heauens with harmony diuine.
When I was firſt inthrald to *Cupids* power,
In vaine I ſpent the May month of my time,
Singing for ioy to ſee my captiue thrall
To him, whoſe gaines are griefe, whoſe cõfort ſmal.

Leo.

When in the height of his Meridian walke,
The Lyons hold containes the eye of day,
The ryping corne growes yellow in the ſtalke,
When ſtrenght of yeares did bleſſe me euery way,
Maskt with delights of folly was my talke.
Youth ripened all my thoughts to my decay:
In luſt I ſowed, my fruite was loſſe of time,
My hopes are proud, and yet my body ſlime.

Virgo.

When in the Virgins lap earths comfort ſleeps,
Bating the furie of his burning eyes,
Both corne and fruits are firmd, and comfort creepes
On euery plant and flowre that ſpringing riſe.
When age at laſt his chiefe dominion keepes,
And leades me on to ſee my vanities,
What loue and ſcant foreſight did make me ſowe
In youthfull yeeres, is ripened now in woe.

Libra.

Libra.

When in the ballance *Daphnes* Lemman blins,
The Plough-man gathereth fruite for paſſed paine,
When I at laſt conſidered of my ſinnes,
And thought vpon my youth and follies vaine,
I call my count, and reaſon now begins
To guide mine eies with iudgemẽt, bought with paine:
Which weeping wiſh a better way to finde,
Or elſe for euer to the world be blinde.

Scorpio.

When with the Scorpion prowd *Apollo* playes,
The wines are trode and carried to their preſſe,
The woods are feld gainſt winters ſharpe affaires.
When grauer yeares my iudgement did addreſſe,
I gan repaire my ruines and decaies,
Exchanging will to wit and ſoothfaſtneſſe:
Claiming from Time and Age no good but this.
To ſee my ſinne, and ſorrow for my miſſe.

Sagittarius.

When as the Archer in his winter hold,
The *Delian* Harper tunes his wonted loue,
The ploughman ſowes and tilles his labcured mold;
When with aduiſe and iudgement I approue,
How loue in youth hath greeſe for gladneſſe ſold.
The ſeedes of ſhame I from my hart remoue,
And in their ſteads I ſet downe plants of grace,
And with repent bewaile my youthfull face,

Capricornus.

When he that in *Eurotas* ſiluer glide
Doth baine his treſſes, beholdeth *Capricorne*,
The day growes ſhort: then haſtes the winters tide.
The ſun with ſparing lights doth ſeeme to mourne
Gray in the greene, the flowers their beauty hide:
When as I ſee that I to death was borne,
My ſtrength decaid my graue already dreſt,
I count my life my loſſe, my death my beſt.

Aquarius

Aquarius

When with *Aquarius Phœbes* brother ſtaies,
Cold froſt and ſnowes the pide of earth betrayes:
VVhen age my head with hoarie haires doth fill.
Reaſonſits downe and bids me count my daies,
And pray for peace, and blame my froward will.
In depth of greefe in this diſtreſſe I cry
Peccaui Domine miſerere mei.

Piſces.

VVhen in the Fiſhes manſion *Phœbus* dwels,
The dayes renew, the earth regaines his reſt:
VVhen old in yeares my want my death ſore tels
My thoughts & praiers to heauen are whole adreſt.
Repentance, youth by folly quite expels:
I long to be diſſolued for my beſt:
That young in zeale, long beaton with my rod,
I may grow old to wiſedome, and to God.

The Palmer had no ſooner finiſhed his circle, but the Hoſt ouer-read his conceit, and wondring at the excellency of his wit from his experience began to ſucke much wiſedome, (being very loath to detain his gueſt too long: after they had broken their faſt, and the good man of the houſe curteouſly had giuen him thanks for his fauour, the Palmer ſet forward towards Venice: what there he did, or how he liued, when I am aduertiſed (good Gentlemen) I will ſend you tidings. Meane while, let euerie one learne (by Franceſcoes fall) to beware, leſt at laſt (too late) they be inforced to bewaile.

Finis.